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WEBSTER'S LITTLE FOLKS' SPEAKER.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

ANON.

[*Speak in as natural a way as you can.*]

"Good for nothing little son,"
Papa calls me, just for fun;
But I've heard my mother say
I'm good for something all the day.

Good to clatter up the room;
Good to ride outside the broom;
Good to tip the basket o'er
And roll the spools about the floor.

Good to pull the baby's hair
And make a horse of every chair;
Good to tumble on the floor
And shut poor fingers in the door.

Good to wear out little shoes
And mamma's pretty thimble lose;
Good dear grandpa's specs to hide
And on his foot to take a ride.

Good, before I go to sleep,
To pray the Lord my soul to keep,
And ask him if he'll bless mamma
And baby sister, and papa.

Good to wake up with the day,
And good to study, good to play.
Tell me, ere I make my bow,
Ain't I good for something, now?

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DAME DUCK'S FIRST LECTURE ON MANNERS.

ANON.

[*To be given in a simple, direct way, imitating the quacking of a duck in the last stanza.*]

Old Mother Duck has hatched a brood
  Of ducklings small and callow;
Their little wings are short; their down
  Is mottled gray and yellow.

Close by the margin of the brook
  The old duck made her nest
Of straw, and leaves, and withered grass,
  And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long weeks,
  In rainy days and fine,
Until the ducklings all came out—
  Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
  One scrambled on her back;
"That's very rude," said old Dame Duck;
  "Behave yourselves! Quack, quack!"

AN OLD HEN.

M. M. D.

[*Speak as if you were telling a great secret.*]

An old hen sat on turtles' eggs,
  And she hatched out goslings three;
Two were turkeys with slender legs,
  And one was a bumble bee.
"Very odd children for such a mother!"
  Said all the hens to one another.

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THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT.

EDWARD LEAR.

[*Give in a comical, descriptive manner.*]

The owl and the pussy cat went to sea
  In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
  Wrapped up in a five pound note.
The owl looked up to the moon above,
  And sang to a small guitar—
"Oh, lovely pussy! Oh, pussy, my love!
  What a beautiful pussy you are!
        You are—
  What a beautiful pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the owl: "You elegant fowl,
  How wonderful sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married, too long we have tarried,
  But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
  To land where the Bong tree grows,
And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood
  With a ring in the end of his nose!
        His nose—
  With a ring in the end of his nose!

"Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
  Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will!"
So they took it away, and were married that day
  By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
  Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
  They danced by the light of the moon—
        The moon—
  They danced by the light of the moon!

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A VERY LITTLE BOY'S SPEECH.

ANON.

[*Speak as if you were telling a great secret.*]

I never spoke before to-day.
The smallest boy am I;
And, as I've nothing much to say,
I'll only say, "Good-by!"

[*Bows and scampers off.*

A VERY LITTLE GIRL'S SPEECH.

ANON.

I've got three kisses sweet to give,
There's one for mother, kind and true,
And one for father, while I live,
And all the *rest* I give to you!

[*Kisses hand to audience and retires.*

JOHNNY'S ESSAY ON "THE TODE."

ANON.

[*Give this in a mock pedantic sort of style.*]

"Todes is like frogs, but more dignity, and wen you come to think of it frogs is wetter. The warts which todes is noted for can't be cured, for they is cronick; but if I couldn't git well I'd stay in the house. My grandfather knew a tode which somebody had tamed till it new folks. When its master wissled it would come for flies. They ketches 'em with their tung, wich is some like a long red worm, but more like litenin', only litenin ain't got any gum onto it. The fly will be a standin' a rubbin' its hine legs together, and a thinkin' what a fine fly it is, and a tode a settin some distance away like it was asleep. While you are seein' the fly as plain as you ever see anything, all to once it ain't there. Then the tode he looks up at you sollem, out of his eyes, like he said, 'what's become of that fly?' But you know he et it."

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COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

MRS. MILLER.

[*Speak this simply, counting the fingers of one hand, one after another, in giving the 2d stanza.*]

Dear little bare feet,
  Dimpled and white,
In your long night-gown
  Wrapped for the night;
Come let me count
  All your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
  Of a shell or a rose.

One is a lady,
  That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby,
  And three is a nun;
Four is a lily,
  With innocent breast;
And five is a birdie,
  Asleep in her nest!

LONG TIME AGO.

ANON.

[*Speak in a lively, animated style.*]

Once there was a little kitty,
  Whiter than snow;
In a barn she used to frolic,
  Long time ago.

In a barn a little mousie
  Ran to and fro,
For she heard the pussy coming,
  Long time ago.

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Two eyes had little kitty,
  Black as a sloe,
And they spied the little mousie,
  Long time ago.

Four paws had little kitty—
  Paws soft as dough—
And they caught the little mousie,
  Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
  Little mouse cried "Oh!"
But she got away from Kitty,
  Long time ago.

BABY'S LETTER TO UNCLE.

ANON.

[*A little boy or girl may speak this as if reading from a letter.*]

Dear Old Uncle—I dot oor letter;
My dear mamma, she ditten better;
She every day little bit stronger—
Don't mean to be sick very much longer.
Dear little baby had a bad colic;
Had to take three drops nassy palagolic.
Toot a dose of tatnip—felt worse as ever;
Shan't tate no more tatnip, never!
Wind on stomit, felt pooty bad:
Worse fit of sickness ever I had!
Ever had stomit ate, ole uncle Bill?
Ain't no fun, now, say what oo will.
I used to sleep all day, and cry all night;
Don't do it now, 'cause it ain't yite.
Got a head of hair jess as black as night;
And big boo eyes, yat look very bright.
My mamma say, never did see
Any ozzer baby half as sweet as me.
Grandma come often, aunt Sarah, too;
Baby loves zem, baby loves oo.

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Baby sends a pooty kiss to his uncles all,
Aunties and cousins, big folks and small.
Can't say any more, so dood by—
Bully old uncle wiz a glass eye!

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD.

LILLIPUT LEVEE.

[*Deliver in a quizzical, droll manner.*]

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine;
If the pony rode his master,
If the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cat had the dire disaster
To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby
To a gipsy, very cheap;
If a gentleman was a lady,
And a brook was oceans deep;
If any or all of these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be Inside-Out!

THE GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

[*Give the last lines in a bashful way.*]

Oh, where are all the good little girls,
Where are they all to-day?
And where are all the good little boys?
Tell me, somebody, pray.
Safe in their fathers' and mothers' hearts
The girls are stowed away;
And where the girls are, look for the boys,
Or so I've heard folks say!

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COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

ANON.

[*Imitate the flapping wings and crowing of the fowl herein described.*]

A little boy got out of bed—
'Twas only six o'clock—
And out of window poked his head,
And spied a crowing cock.

The little boy said, "Mr. Bird,
Pray tell me who are you?"
And all the answer that he heard
Was, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"What would you think if you were me,"
He said, "and I were you?"
But still that bird provokingly
Cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"How many times, you stupid head,
Goes three in twenty-two?"
That old bird winked one eye and said
Just, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

He slammed the window down again,
Then up that old bird flew;
And, pecking at the window pane,
Cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doodle-doo!"

TROTTY MALONE.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

[*Imitate, as far as possible, each conveyance.*]

Boys and girls come riddle and ravel;
Tell us how you would like to travel.

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Crispy, crackly, snow and tingle—
"Give me sleighs!" said Jenny Jingle.

Stony, bumpty, bang and bolter—
"Give me carts!" said Johnny Jolter.

Slidy, glidy, jerky whiff-ter—
"Give me cars!" cried Sally Swifter.

Flippetty, cricketty, elegant, go—
"Give me a buggy!" said Benjamin Beau.

"A fig for them all!" cried Trotty Malone,
"Give me a stout pair of legs of my own!"

THREE BUGS.

ALICE CARY.

[*To be given in a simple, natural manner.*]

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for *two!*
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all;
But what should *three* bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said, "We will eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;
So they all three fell to quarrelling—
The white, and black, and the gold.
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And *one* was out in the cold.

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So he that was left in the basket
  Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal
  When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from under the bugs,
  And so the quarrel grew!

And so there was war in the basket,
  Ah, pity 'tis, 'tis true!
And he that was frozen, and starved, at last
  A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,
  And killed and *ate* them, too!

Now, when bugs live in a basket,
  Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree—
  The white, and the black, and the gold;
And share what comes of the beds and crumbs,
  And leave no bug in the cold!

HOW TO GAIN FRIENDS.

ANON.

[*Recite in a natural, conversational tone.*]

"Well," said a straight-backed, straight-legged chair to a cosy little rocking chair by whose side it had chanced to be placed, "before I would be such a drudge as you are I would be a stool, or, if possible, something still more insignificant. People are not content with making you nurse every person, big or little, but you must also continually be rocking them to and fro."

"To be sure," answered the little rocking chair pleasantly, "I am always on the go for the gratification of others, but thereby have I won for myself many friends, and appear to be a great favorite with all. This well repays me for my trouble."

And so it is with little girls, and little boys, and other people. Those who cheerfully and willingly do for others are the ones who gain for themselves many and lasting friends.

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FROGS AT SCHOOL.

GEORGE COOPER.

[*Deliver in an imitative, descriptive manner.*]

Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they;
First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log
Showed them how to say, "Ker-chog!"
Also, how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

TWO SOMEBODIES.

ANON.

[*To be delivered in a natural, colloquial style.*]

I know somebody who always appears to be miserable, and this is the way she contrives to be so: she is always thinking about herself; constantly wishing for that she has not; idling her time; fret-

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ting and grumbling. I know somebody who is much happier, and this is the way she contrives to be so—thinking of others—satisfied with what her Heavenly Father has judged best for her. Which somebody are you?

GIVE THE LITTLE BOYS A CHANCE.

GEORGE COOPER.

[*Deliver in a spirited, proud manner.*]

Here we are! don't leave us out
  Just because we're little boys!
Though we're not so bold and stout,
  In the world we make a noise.
You're a year or two ahead,
  But we step by step advance;
All the world's before you spread—
  Give the little boys a chance!

Never slight us in your play—
  You were once as small as we;
We'll be big, like you, some day,
  Then, perhaps, our power you'll see.
We will meet you, when we've grown,
  With a brave and fearless glance;
Don't think all this world's your own—
  Give the little boys a chance!

Little hands will soon be strong
  For the work that they must do;
Little lips will sing their song
  When these early days are through.
So, you big boys, if we're small,
  On our toes you needn't dance;
There is room enough for all—
  Give the little boys a chance!

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THE JOVIAL FARMER BOY.

ANON.

[*Speak with boldness and spirit.*]

A jovial farmer boy I'll be,
  As free as birds that sing;
I'll carol forth my songs of glee
  Among the flow'rs of spring.
With "Whoop-ho-hoy!" to drive my team
  Before the rising sun;
To drink, and lave in the silver stream—
  This is my morning fun.

No place for me the crowded town,
  With pavements hard and dry—
With lengthened streets of dusty brown,
  And gloomy houses high.
I'll go and 'come a farmer's boy,
  From city perils free;
I'll crack my whip, and cry, "Whoop-hoy!"
  A farmer boy I'll be.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[*Deliver expressively and tenderly.*]

Good-bye, good-bye to summer!
  For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
  Cool breezes in the sun,
Our thrushes now are silent,
  Our swallows flown away—
But Robin's here, in coat of brown
  And scarlet breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast—
  Oh, Robin, dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
  In the falling of the year.

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Bright yellow, red and orange
  The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian Princes,
  But soon they'll turn to ghosts.
The leathery pears and apples
  Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late—
  'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast—
  Oh, Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do
  When pinching days are near?

The fireside for the cricket,
  The wheat stack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
  And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
  The branches plumed with snow—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
  Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast—
  Oh, Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
  His little heart to cheer.

WHO I LIKE.

W. O. C.

[*Speak simply.*]

"I am a little boy and don't know much; but I can tell P from Q, and I know who I like. I like Uncle Jabez, because he always has peanuts in his pockets, and gives me some. But my Uncle Jeremiah always looks cross out of his eyes, and says: "Out of the way there, little boy!" And I like my grandma, because her cheeks smell like pineapples, and she always gives me ginger snaps when I go to see her. When I speak next time I'll tell you who I like best —it's my mother!

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A VERY NICE PAIR.

ANON.

[*Render this in as droll a manner as possible.*]

Two magpies sat on a garden rail,
As it might be Wednesday week;
And one little magpie wagged his tail
In the other little magpie's beak.

And, doubling like a fist his little claw-hand,
Said this other, "Upon my word,
This is more than flesh and blood can stand
Of magpie or any other bird.

So they pecked and they scratched each other's little eyes,
Till all that was left on the rail
Was the beak of one of the little magpies
And the other little magpie's tail!

WHEN I AM BIG.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

[*To be recited in a bold, manly way.*]

When I am big, what do you think
I'll have the first thing then?
Now, if I give you guesses three,
You'll have to guess again.

Why, I shall have a splendid house—
All rich men do, I s'pose—
With carpets fine, and pictures, too,
And lots of things like those.

All in the very nicest room
I'll have the nicest chair,
And sitting in it, smiling sweet,
The nicest woman—there!

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She's pretty; but it isn't that—
  She is so good she'll shame
The bad right out of a fellow's heart,
  And *Mother* is her name!

THE LITTLE SAILOR.

GEORGE COOPER.

[*Deliver this in a natural manner, swinging the right hand to express the motion of a cradle.*]

Baby is a sailor boy,
  Swing, cradle, swing;
Sailing is the sailor's joy,
  Swing, cradle, swing.

Snowy sails and precious freight,
  Swing, cradle, swing;
Baby's captain, mother's mate,
  Swing, cradle swing.

Never fear, the watch is set,
  Swing, cradle swing;
Stormy gales are never met,
  Swing, cradle, swing.

Little eyelids downward creep,
  Swing, cradle swing;
Anchor in the cove of sleep,
  Swing, cradle, swing.

WHO IS SHE?

ANON.

[*With animation.*]

There is a little maiden—
  Who is she? Do you know?
She always has a welcome
  Wherever she may go.

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Her face is like the May-time,
  Her voice is like a bird's;
The sweetest of all music
  Is in her lightsome words.

Each spot she makes the brightest,
  As if she were the sun;
And she is sought and cherished,
  And loved by every one.

By old folks and by children,
  By lofty and by low;
Who is this little maiden?
  Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her;
  You certainly can guess,
What! must I introduce her?
  Her name is—Cheerfulness!

THE BROWN THRUSH.

LUCY LARCOM.

[*To be given in a lively, animated style.*]

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree;
He's singing to me! he's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world is running over with joy!
  Don't you hear? don't you see?
  Hush! Look! In my tree
  I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest, do you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy.
  Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!
  And I always shall be,
  If you never bring sorrow to me."

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So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be—
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be?

DO YOUR BEST.

W. C. C.

[*Speak in a bold style.*]

"If you are running along in a hurry, and stumble over a brickbat, and spill your dinner pail, all right; kick the brickbat out of the way, pick up your dinner pail, save your bread and butter, if you can; if not, whistle "Hail Columbia," and run on to school. It won't do to be put down by a brickbat. Take hold of your book as a squirrel takes hold of a hickory nut—be bound to get the meat out, if there is any in it.

Because Tom Lazychops wants to be a fool is no reason why you should be one. Do your best every time; and then, when the teacher calls out the classes, you can walk out like a man, and tell her to go ahead!"

A WEE BIT LASSIE.

JULIA M. THAYER.

[*Recite naturally.*]

I'm just a wee bit lassie, with a lassie's winsome ways,
And worth my weight in solid gold—so Uncle Johnny says.
My curly little noddle holds a thimbleful of sense;
Not quite as much as Solomon's—but his was so *immense!*
I know that sugar plums are sweet, that "no, my love," means "yes;"
That when I'm big I'll always wear my pretty Sunday dress.
And I can count—'leven, six, nine, five—and say my A, B, C.
Now, have you any taffy, dears, that you could give to me?

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TWINKLE, TWINKLE.

ANON.

[*Speak this tenderly, gazing upwards.*]

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light;
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep
Often thro' my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky,

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark;
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle little star.

TUMBLING DOGGIE.

ANON.

[*Render this with appropriate actions, standing on one leg, pointing to the nose, &c.*]

There was a little boy, and he had a little dog,
And he taught that dog to beg;
And that dear little dog all dinner time
Would stand upon one leg.

One day, to his master's great surprise,
That little dog said, "Here goes!"
And he cocked his hind legs up in the air,
And stood upon his nose!

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LULLABY.

HOOD

[*Tenderly and softly.*]

Lullaby, baby! go to sleep.
Eyes—oh, how naughty, still to peep!

Lullaby, baby! curl up your toes;
Cuddle your little knees up to your nose.

Lullaby, baby! eyes shut tight;
Little mouth open; so good night!

DON'T GIVE UP!

PHŒBE CARY.

[*Boldly and with force.*]

If you tried and have not won,
  Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
  Just by patient trying.

Though young birds in flying, fall,
  Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
  Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
  Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
  Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
  Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
  That's the test that tries you!

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A LITTLE BOY'S LECTURE.

JULIA M. THAYER.

[*To be given in an important, grandiloquent style.*]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Nearly four hundred years ago the mighty mind of Columbus, traversing unknown seas, clasped this new continent in its embrace.

A few centuries later arose one here who now lives in all our hearts as the Father of his Country. An able warrior, a sagacious statesman, a noble gentleman. Yes, Christopher Columbus was *great.* George Washington was *great.* But here, my friends, in this glorious nineteenth century is—a *grater!* [Exhibiting a large, bright, tin grater. The large kind used for horseradish could be most easily distinguished by the audience.]

HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

ALICE CARY.

[*With spirit.*]

I think there are some maxims
  Under the sun
Scarce worth preservation;
  But here, boys, is one
So sound and so simple
  'Tis worth while to know—
And all in the single line,
  "Hoe your own row!"

If you want to have riches,
  And want to have friends,
Don't trample the means down
  And look for the ends;
But always remember,
  Wherever you go,
The wisdom of practicing
  "Hoe your own row!"

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LOOK AT HOME.

ANON.

[*To be given in a natural, colloquial manner.*]

"Ned, I'm ashamed of you," said Silver, the white cow. "Really, with that clog on your leg, I wonder you attempt to mix with respectable people."

"Your servant, ma'am," answered the donkey "I don't see that I am to be blamed for it, seeing that I did not put it on myself."

"No, you were not likely to do that; but if you hadn't taken to opening the gates with your nose, and wandering off, nobody knows where, so that you never could be found when you were wanted, the master wouldn't have fettered you. You needn't look at me so boldly; its a disgrace, and you ought to be ashamed of it."

"I ask your pardon, ma'am," said Neddy, looking steadfastly at the knobs on the ends of Silver's horns; "but I was so taken up with looking at those things which master put on your horns the other day, when you broke down the hedge and tried to toss the dog, that I did not quite hear you. Please to say it again."

But Silver walked another way, and Neddy grazed without further interruption.

OBEDIENCE.

PHŒBE CARY.

[*Firmly.*]

If you're told to do a thing,
  And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves,
  Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
  Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
  Must be prompt and ready.

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THE FAIRIES.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[*To be recited in a lively manner, all but the 3d stanza, which should be given sorrowfully.*]

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore
  Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
  Of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds
  Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch dogs,
  All night awake.

They stole little Bridget
  For seven years long;
When she came down again
  Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back
  Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
  But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
  Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag leaves,
  Watching till she wakes.

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Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

LITTLE THINGS.

ANON.

[*Recite simply.*]

Little things and little people have often brought great things to pass. The large world in which we exist is made up of little particles smaller than the sands on the sea shore. The vast sea is composed of small drops of water. The little busy bees, how much honey they gather! Therefore, I am not going to be discouraged because I am so little!

A BOY'S DREAM.

LILLIPUT LEVEE.

[*Speak this slowly and deliberately.*]

Nine grenadiers with bayonets on their guns;
Nine baker's baskets with hot cross buns;
Nine brown elephants standing in a row;
Nine new velocipedes—good ones to go;
Nine Knickerbocker suits with buttons all complete;
Nine pairs of skates with straps for the feet;
Nine little drummer boys beating on their drums;
Nine fat Aldermen sitting on their thumbs;
Nine times running—I dreamt it all plain.
With bread and cheese for supper I could dream it all again.

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THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T EAT CRUSTS.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

[*To be given mysteriously and energetically.*]

The awfulest times that ever could be
They had with a bad little girl of Dundee,
Who never would finish her crust.
In vain they besought her,
And patiently taught her
And told her she must.
Her grandma would coax,
And so would the folks,
And tell her the sinning
Of such a beginning.
But no, she wouldn't,
She couldn't, she shouldn't,
She'd have them to know—
So they might as well go.

And what do you think soon came to pass?
This little girl of Dundee, alas!
Who wouldn't take crusts in the regular way,
Sat down to a feast one summer's day;
And what did the people that little girl give?
Why, a dish of *bread pudding*—as sure as I live!

TOWSER.

ANON.

[*Simply and distinctly, as if you were relating a story to a comrade.*]

Last summer our dog Towser was lying in the sun, trying to sleep; but the flies bothered him so that he couldn't, for he had to catch them. By and by a bumble bee lighted on his head, and began to walk about as if the dog was his own. Towser held his head still, and when the bee came close to his nose Towser winked at me, as if he said, "You see what this fellow is doing? He

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thinks I'm a lily of the valley, which isn't open yet. Just wait until I blossom and you will see some fun. And then Towser opened his mouth very slowly, so as not to frighten the bee, and the bee went inside Towser's mouth. Then Towser shut his dreamy eyes, and his mouth, too, and began to make a peaceful smile, when the bee stung him, and you never saw a lily of the valley act so in all your life!

A GIRL'S DREAM.

LILLIPUT LEVEE.

[*Speak with animation.*]

Seven little singing birds up in the tree;
Seven swift sailing ships white upon the sea;
Seven gold butterflies sailing overhead;
Seven red roses blowing in a garden bed;
Seven white lilies with honey bees inside them;
Seven round rainbows with clouds to divide them;
Seven nice fathers to call little girls "joys;"
Seven nice mothers to kiss the little boys;
Seven nights running I dreamt it all plain.
With bread and jam for supper I could dream it all again!

THE HAPPY CHILD.

A Recitation for two Little Girls.

JULIA M. THAYER.

[*Speak naturally.*]

First little girl:

When the morning's rosy beams
  Chase the shades of night away,
Then I wake from quiet dreams—
  Say "Good morning" to the day.
Birds that warble in the sky,
  Bees that suck the honeyed flowers,
Are not happier than I,
  Thro' the long and pleasant hours.

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Both little girls:

Happy, happy all the day!
Happy at work and happy at play;
Striving with our little might
Cheerfully to do the right,
Keeping, in our childish way,
Sunshine for a cloudy day.

Second little girl:

Cloudy days, they say, will come,
  Stormy winds and leaden skies;
Singing birds will then be dumb,
  Flow'rs will shut their fading eyes.
But so many joys have we
  Birds and bees can never know;
Shall we barter mirth and glee
  For imaginary woe?

Both little girls:

Happy, happy all the day!
Happy at work and happy at play;
Striving with our little might
Cheerfully to do the right,
And whatever sky's above,
Happy in each other's love!

[*They go out arm in arm.*

THE VAIN LITTLE CHICKEN.

GEORGE COOPER.

[*This piece may be given by a little girl, the whole class joining in the refrain.*]

There was a wee chicken, just out of the shell—
  Chickery, chickery, chick!
Along with her mother this chicken did dwell—
  Chickery, chickery, chick!
That good lady told her, by night or by day,
That far from her home she must never more stray;
The daughter then promised that she would obey—
  Chickery, chickery, chick!

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One morn, when the mother was out of her sight—
Chickery chickery, chick!
This daughter went out with the greatest delight—
Chickery, chickery, chick!
She wandered along till she came to a brook,
Quite proud at her face in the water to look:
But there sat a frog in a green, mossy nook—
Chickery, chickery, chick!

"Oh, you're such a beauty!" the froggie then said—
Chickery, chickery, chick!
This flattered her so that it quite turned her head—
Chickery, chickery, chick!
"You're queen of the birds, and should wear a gold crown,"
Said sly little froggie, "pray, on me don't frown!"
She dropped in the brook, and sank down, derry down—
Chickery, chickery, chick!

WHAT?

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

[*Deliver in a questioning manner.*]

What was it that Charlie saw to-day,
Down in the pool where the cattle lie?
A shoal of the spotted trout at play
Or a sheeny dragon fly?

The fly and the fish were there, indeed;
But as for the puzzle—guess again!
It was neither a shell, nor flower, nor reed,
Nor the nest of a last year's wren.

Some willows droop to the brooklet's bed:
Who knows but a bee had fallen down?
Or a spider, swung from his broken thread,
Was learning the way to drown?

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You have not read me the riddle yet,
  Not even the wing of a wounded bee,
Nor the web of a spider, torn and wet,
  Did Charlie this morning see.

Now answer, you who have grown so wise—
  What could the wonderful sight have been?
Why, the dimpled face and great blue eyes
  Of the rogue who was looking in!

LADY MOON.

LORD HOUGHTON.

[*Deliver in a questioning manner the first and third lines of* 1*st*, 2*d and* 4*th verses, and in an answering manner the second and fourth lines of* 1*st*, 2*d and* 4*th verses.*]

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
"Over the sea."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
"All that love me."

"Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?"

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear father above me.
And do as I'm told."

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
"Over the sea."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
"All that love me."

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STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER!

MRS. FOLLEN.

[*Speak in a lively and quick manner.*]

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary, one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

But I will run after;
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

WISHING.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[*To be recited in a thoughtful, though animated manner.*]

Ring—ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm tree for our king!

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Nay—stay! I wish I were an elm tree,
A great, lofty elm tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

O, no! I wish I were a robin—
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go:
Through forest, field or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well, tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home would come the rover,
For mother's kiss! sweeter this
Than any other thing.

WHO TO CHOOSE COMPANIONS.

ANON.

[*Change the voice, if possible, in order to imitate the two supposed to be in conversation.*]

"By your leave, sir," said a water rat to the kingfisher, "this is my house." And he sat in the doorway to prevent the kingfisher from entering.

"Nay, but I want to come in," said the kingfisher, "I have paid you my visits before, and why not now? Think how handsome I am, and how much my family is sought after."

"You have been in before, sir; but to tell you the truth, that's the very reason I prefer to keep you out now, notwithstanding your fine clothes and your fine family. You have an awkward habit of eating fish and leaving the bones at my door. Now, I don't want anything laid to me that I don't deserve, and as I don't catch and eat fish I won't have the credit of it. I consider no company worth having that takes away my character!"

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THE VIOLET.

JANE TAYLOR.

[*To be delivered simply and unaffectedly.*]

Down in a green and shady bed
  A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
  As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
  Its colors bright and fair!
It might have graced a rosy bower
  Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
  In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
  Within the silent glade.

Then let me to the valley go,
  This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
  In sweet humility.

THE COWBOY'S SONG.

MRS. ANNA M. WELLS.

[*Give this piece in a coaxing tone of voice, and imitate the "mooing" of a cow at the end of each stanza.*]

"Mooly cow, mooly cow, home from the wood
They sent me to fetch you as fast as I could.
The sun has gone down—it is time to go home,
Mooly cow, mooly cow, why don't you come?
Your udders are full, and the milkmaid is there,
And the children all waiting, their suppers to share.
I have let the long bars down—why don't you pass thro'?"
  The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

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"Mooly cow, mooly cow, whisking your tail
The milkmaid is waiting, I say, with her pail;
She tucks up her petticoats, tidy and neat,
And places the three legged stool for her seat.
What can you be staring at, Mooly? You know
That we ought to have gone home an hour ago.
How dark it is growing! O, what shall I do?"
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

ANON

[*Speak every word distinctly; make the proper pauses.*]

Three little words you often see
Are articles, a, an, and the.

A noun's the name of anything,
As school, or garden, hoop or ring.

Adjectives show the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.

Instead of nouns pronouns stand—
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.

Verbs tell us something to be done—
To read, count, fly, sing, jump or run.

How things are done the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind and weather.

The proposition stands before
A noun, as in or through the door.

The interjection shows surprise,
As O! how pretty—Ah! how wise.

The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

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THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

R. W. EMERSON.

[*To be given in a natural, descriptive manner*

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig;"
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry;
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut!"

GOOD AND BAD.

ANON.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid!

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THE LITTLE DUTCHMAN.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

[*Speak with a broken accent, boldly.*]

Oh, I'm a little Tuchman,
My name is Van der Dose,
An' vat I cannot get to eat
I smells it mit my nose.

An' ven dey vill not let me play
I takes it out in vork;
An' ven dey makes me vork too hard
I soon de jop vill shirk.

An' ven dey sends me off to bed
I lays avake all night;
An' ven dey comes to vake me up
I shut my eyes up tight.

For I'm a little Tuchman,
My name is Van der Dose,
An' vat I do not know myself
I never vants to knows.

THAT BOY.

GEORGE COOPER.

[*Deliver this paying attention to the rising inflection of the voice in almost every line.*]

Is the house turned topsy-turvy?
Does it ring from street to roof?
Will the racket still continue,
Spite of all your mild reproof?
Are you often in a flutter?
Are you sometimes filled with joy?
Then I have my grave suspicions
That you have at home—that boy.

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Are your walls and tables hammered?
  Are your nerves and ink upset?
Have two eyes, so bright and roguish,
  Made you every care forget?
Have your garden-beds a prowler
  Who delights but to destroy?
These are well known indications
  That you have at home—that boy.

Have you seen him playing circus,
  With his head upon the mat,
And his heels in mid air twinkling—
  For his audience, the cat?
Do you ever stop to listen,
  When his merry pranks annoy,—
Listen to a voice that whispers
  You were once just like—that boy?

Have you heard of broken windows,
  And with nobody to blame?
Have you seen a trowsered urchin
  Quite unconscious of the same?
Do you love a teasing mixture
  Of perplexity and joy?
You may have a dozen daughters,
  But I know you've got—that boy!

THE NEW MOON.

MRS. FOLLEN.

[*To be spoken simply and naturally, in your ordinary tone of voice*]

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

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If I were up there,
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And then I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And thro' the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home!

TRY.

ANON.

[*To be recited in a spirited manner.*]

"Can't-do-it" sticks in the mud; but "Try" soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapt at him. The bees said "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said "Try," and up he went to the top of the beech tree. The snowdrop said "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said "Try," and the spring soon throw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said "Try," and he found that his new wings soon took him over hedges and ditches, and up to where his father was singing. The ox said "Try," and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for "Try" to climb; no field too wet for "Try" to drain; no hole too big for "Try" to mend. "Can't-do-it" is a lazy fellow; but "Try" is the lad for me!

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LITTLE BIRDIE.

TENNYSON.

[*Speak simply as possible.*]

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer;
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away!"

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

G. C.

[*To be spoken in a firm, bold manner.*]

There's a proverb, wise and true—
  Keep it ever in your mind—
What your hands may find to do,
  Never do with purpose blind.
Lest you stumble and you fall,
  Wide awake your senses keep;
'Tis a motto good for all—
  Always "look before you leap!"

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This will save a world of harm
That we never might repair;
And it nerves the weakest arm
Just to know our way is fair.
Recollect the silly frog,
And this proverb ever keep;
While the path of life you jog,
Always "look before you leap!"

THE LITTLE LEAF.

ANON.

[*Recite as if you were simply talking to and describing something to a comrad*]

Once on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said: "What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down on the ground to die."

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. When the tree heard it it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf: "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly and you shall not go till you want to"

So the leaf stopped sighing, and went on rustling and singing.

When the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Then it asked the tree what this meant, and the tree said: "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it. And when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, so it said: "O, branch, why are you lead colored and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our life is not done yet, but your clothes are for a holiday, for your task is over."

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Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it; and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down under the edge of the fence, among hundreds of leaves, and it fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS.

ANON.

[*Speak in an off-hand, manly way.*]

Grandmothers are very nice folks;
  They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes,
  And don't worry about education.
I'm sure I can't see it at all
  What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples, and pennies, and cakes,
  Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma's"
  To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
  T'other way when a boy wants to climb.
Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
  And pies, a whole row in the cellar,
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
  To make chicken pies for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then,
  And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs
  And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys!"
"Life is only so short, at the best;
  Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for awhile at the sky,
  And the hills that are far, far away.

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Quite often, as twilight comes on,
  Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
  About heaven, and when they shall go;
And then, a boy, stopping to think,
  Will find a hot tear in his eye
To know what will come at the last—
  For grandmothers all have to die!

I wish they could stay here and pray,
  For a boy needs their prayers every night;
Some boys more than others, I s'pose—
  Such as I—need a terrible sight!

BOBOLINK.

G. C.

[*To be spoken simply and confidentially.*]

Bobolink upon the spray,
  Such a noisy bird are you!
Why, your song is heard all day,
  Making such a great ado.

Surely you're a funny elf,
  Very like the world, I think;
Always talking of yourself,
  Thinking still of Bobolink!

Other birds are not so bold,
  Some, indeed, are very shy;
Every breath your name is told
  Unto every passer by.

Those who praise themselves the most
  Oft deserve the least, I think;
Truly great birds never boast
  Of their greatness, Bobolink!

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THE LITTLE DREAMER.

ANON.

[*Simply and distinctly.*]

A little boy was dreaming,
  Upon his mother's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars,
  And the stars fell in his cap!

So, when his dream was over,
  What should this little boy do?
Why, he went and looked inside his cap,
  And found it wasn't true!

A LITTLE BOY'S POCKET.

ANON.

[*Imitating as much as possible the lisp of a little boy.*]

Do you know what's in my pottet?
Such a lot of treasures in it;
Listen now while I bedin it;
Such a lot of sins it hold,
And all there is you shall be told;
Every sin dat's in my pottet,
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all, here's in my pottet
A beauty shell—I picked it up;
And here's the handle of a tup
That somebody has broke at tea;
The shell 's a hole in it, you see;
Nobody knows that I has dot it—
I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here's my ball, too, in my pottet,
And here's my pennies—one, two, free—
That Aunty Josie gave to me.

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To-morrow day I'll buy a spade,
When I'm out walking with the maid;
I can't put dat here in my pottet,
But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here's some more sins in my pottet;
Here's my top, and here's my string,
And once I had an iron ring,
But thro' a hole it lost one day;
And this is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sin in a pottet,
Have it mended when you've dot it!

LITTLE RAG-TAG.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

[*Naturally and earnestly.*]

A curly, bright head, and perched upon it
Little rag-tag of a brown sun bonnet;
A pair of old shoes, forever untied,
Whose soles have holes, whose toes grin wide.
Come sun or come shade, come shine or come rain,
To little Rag-tag 'tis ever the same;
With an air of the most supreme content
She paddles and plays till the day is spent.

Why people complain she never can see,
When God is as good as ever can be.
She talks to herself, and laughs and sings
About the world and its beautiful things.
But tho' He is good to all of the rest,
She is very sure that he loves her best.
Oh, how much better this world would wag
If we all had hearts like little Rag-tag!

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CHOOSING A NAME.

MARY LAMB.

[*To be spoken in a lively, off-hand way.*]

I have got a new-born sister,
I was nigh the first that kissed her
When the nursing woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter.
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made an offer
I shall have the naming of her.

Now, I wonder what would please her?
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name, beside,
But we had a Jane that died!
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty; but that looks
Better in old English books.
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are as good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?
Now, I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her.
I will leave papa to name her.

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JACK FROST.

ANON.

[*Imitate as much as you can, by voice and gesture, the descriptions here given.*]

Jack Frost is a roguish little fellow;
When the wintry winds begin to bellow
He flies like a bird thro' the air,
And steals thro' the cracks everywhere.
He nips little children on the nose;
He pinches little children on the toes;
He pulls little children by the ears,
And draws from their eyes the big round tears.
He makes little girls cry, "Oh! oh! oh!"
He makes little boys say, "Boo-hoo-hoo!"
But when we kindle up a good warm fire
Then Jack Frost is compelled to retire;
So, up the chimney skips the roguish little boy,
And all the little children jump for joy!

DAISIES IN HEAVEN.

GEO. W. BIRDSEYE.

[*To be delivered in a tender, sympathetic manner.*]

Down in the meadow, close by the lane,
Twining her hand in a daisy chain,
Sweet little Jessie kissed mother's face,
Earnestly asking, with childish grace:
"Mamma, are there daisies in heaven?"

Fondly but sadly the mother smiled,
Tenderly clasped to her heart her child,
Thinking of two of her darlings dead—
Flowers in the garden above—and said:
"Yes, love, there are daisies in heaven!"

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Spring bloomed again and the daisies smiled
Over the grave of the gentle child;
Over the daisies the mother wept—
Under the daisies sweet Jessie slept,
To wake as a daisy in heaven.

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTION.

ANON.

[*Recite very archly.*]

I recollect a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass—
She did not make the least objection!
Thinks I, "Ah!
When I can talk I'll tell mamma,"
And that's my earliest recollection.

PUSS AND HER THREE KITTENS.

TOM HOOD.

[*Give in an animated style and tone of voice.*]

Our old cat has kittens three—
What do you think their names should be?

One is a tabby, with emerald eyes,
And a tail that's long and slender,
And into a temper she quickly flies
If you ever by chance offend her.
I think we shall call her this—
I think we shall call her that·
Now, don't you think "Pepperpot"
A nice name for a cat?

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One is black, with a frill of white,
  And her feet are all white fur, too;
If you stroke her she carries her tail upright,
  And quickly begins to pur, too,
    I think we shall call her this—
    I think we shall call her that;
Now, don't you fancy "Sootikin"
    A nice name for a cat?

One is a tortoise shell, yellow and black,
  With a lot of white about him;
If you tease him, at once he sets up his back;
  He's a quarrelsome Tom, ne'er doubt him!
    I think we shall call him this—
    I think we shall call him that;
Now, don't you fancy "Scratchaway"
    A nice name for a cat?

Our old cat has kittens three,
And I fancy these their names will be:
"Pepperpot," "Sootikin," "Scratchaway"—there!
Were there ever kittens with these to compare?
And we call the old mother—now, what do you think?
Tabitha Longclaws Tidleywink.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

ANON.

[*Naturally and regretfully.*]

No baby in the house, I know—
  'Tis far too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers thrown
  Upon the floor are seen.
No finger marks are on the panes,
  No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows
  Or marshalled off in pairs.

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No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby clothes.
No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told.
No tender kisses to be given,
No nicknames—"Love" and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house!

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

ANON.

[*To be spoken by a little girl, simply and tenderly.*]

Right into our house one day
A dear little angel came;
I ran to him and softly said,
"Dear angel what is your name?"

He said not a word in answer,
But smiled a beautiful smile;
Then I said, "may I go home with you?
Shall you go in a little while?"

But mamma said, "dear little angel
Don't leave us, oh, always stay!
We will all of us love you dearly,
Sweet angel, oh, don't go away!"

So he stayed, and he stayed, and we loved him
As we could not have loved another;
Do you want to know what his name is?
His name is—*my little brother!*

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THE WORKS OF GOD.

TAYLOR.

[*Deliver in a low but distinct tone of voice.*]

God made the sky that looks so blue;
  He made the grass so green;
He made the flowers that look so sweet,
  In pretty colors seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
  And gladdens all I see;
It comes to give us heat and light—
  How thankful should we be!

God made the pretty bird to fly;
  How sweetly has she sung!
And tho' she flies so very high,
  She won't forget her young,

God made the cow to give nice milk,
  The horse for me to use;
I'll treat them kindly, for His sake,
  Nor dare His gifts abuse.

God made the water for my drink;
  He made the fish to swim;
He made the tree to bear nice fruit;
  Oh, how I should love Him!

LITTLE STAR.

ANON.

[*This piece may be spoken by a very little girl.*]

Good night, little star!
  I will go to my bed,
And leave you to burn
  While I lay down my head.

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On my pillow I'll sleep
Till the morning light;
Then you will be fading
And I shall be bright.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.

GEORGE COOPER.

[*To be given by a little boy in a lively manner.*]

Happy-go-lucky has cheeks rosy red,
Ten times a day he will stand on his head.
Happy-go-lucky is brimful of fun,
Up in the morning as soon as the sun.
Sliding on banisters all the way down;
Playing at circus and bumping his crown;
When he has shocked all the house with affright,
Off he goes screaming with roguish delight.

Happy-go-lucky once climbed up a tree,
Just to look round and see what he could see;
Crack went the bough—such a terrible fall
Didn't hurt Happy-go-lucky at all.
Maybe the fairies, with some potent charm,
Because he's so cheerful, have kept him from harm.
Mother so wishes that he would be still,
Only for once, but the rogue never will.

Happy-go-lucky runs out in the streets,
Asks in to dinner each beggar he meets.
Happy-go-lucky—now just think of that!
Tied Granny's spectacles on the poor cat.
When he knows mother is going to scold,
Off he runs gravely, in tears, I am told;
Then he will hug her, and kiss her with joy;
Any one got such an out-and-out boy?

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THE SNAIL.

ANON.

The snail he lives in his hard round house,
In the orchard, under the tree;
Says he, "I have but a single room,
But it's large enough for me."

The snail in his little house doth dwell
From week's end to week's end;
But don't you think he's selfish, now?
For he never receives a friend!

THE CHILD'S WORLD.

LILLIPUT'S LEVEE.

[*To be recited in a vigorous yet tender way, by a little girl or boy.*]

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow?
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say—
"You are more than the Earth, tho' you are such a dot
You can Love and Think, and the Earth can not!"

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GRAN'MA AL'ARS DOES.

ANON.

[*To be given by a little boy, in a little boy's manner.*]

I wants to mend my wagon,
  And has to have some nails—
Jus' two free'll be plenty—
  We're goin' to haul our rails.
The splendidest cob fences
  We're making ever was;
I wish you'd help us find 'em,
  Gran'ma al'ars does.

My horse's name is Betsy;
  She jumped an' broke her head;
I put her in the stable,
  An' fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor;
  We didn't make no muss;
I wish you'd let it stay there,
  Gran'ma al'ars does.

I'se goin' to the cornfield,
  To ride on Charley's plough;
I specks he'd like to have me—
  I wants to go right now.
O, won't I "gee up" awful,
  And "whoa" like Charley whoas;
I wish you wouldn't bozzer,
  Gran'ma never does.

I want some bread an' butter—
  I'se hungry worstest kind;
But Taddy mustn't have none,
  'Cause she wouldn't mind.
Put plenty sugar on it;
  I tell you what, I knows
It's right to put on sugar,
  Gran'ma al'ars does.

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ONLY A BABY.

ANON.

[*To be recited by a little boy or girl, in a natural way.*]

Only a baby, 'thout any hair,
'Cept just a little fuzz here and there.

Only a baby—name you have none,
Barefooted, dimpled, sweet little one.

Only a baby—teeth none at all;
What are you good for only to squall?

Only a baby, just a week old;
What are you here for? That's to be told.

A PLEA FOR EGGS.

ANON.

[*To be spoken by a little child, seriously.*]

Be gentle to the new laid egg,
  For eggs are brittle things;
They cannot fly until they're hatched
  And have a pair of wings.
If once you break the tender shell
  The wrong you can't redress,
The yolk and white will all run out
  And make a dreadful "mess."

'Tis but a little while at best
  That hens have power to lay;
To-morrow eggs may addled be
  That were quite fresh to-day.
Oh, let the touch, my friends, be light
  That takes them from the keg,
There is no hand whose cunning skill
  Can mend a broken egg!

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REPENTANCE.

ANON.

[*To be spoken by a little child, simply.*]

A kitten once to his mother said,
"I'll never more be good;
But I'll go and be a robber fierce,
And live in a dreary wood,
Wood, wood, wood,
And live in a dreary wood."

It climbed a tree to rob a nest
Of young and tender owls;
But the branch broke off, and the kitten fell,
With six tremendous howls,
Howls, howls, howls,
With six tremendous howls.

Then up it rose and scratched its nose,
And went home very sad—
"Oh, mother dear, behold me here;
I'll never more be bad,
Bad, bad, bad,
I'll never more be bad."

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

LORD HOUGHTON.

[*To be recited in a simple, descriptive manner.*]

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see,
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw, caw," on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night, good night!"

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The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "bleat, bleat," came over the road,
And all seemed to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night, good night!"

She did not say to the sun "good night,"
Tho' she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's own time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtseyed and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning, good morning, our work is begun!"

A BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

ANON.

[*If spoken by a petite child this will prove exceedingly amusing.*]

I am here! And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No I won't, I'll scramble at the corner of my blanket, and chew it up, and then I'll holler—whatever happens I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled snuff in it last night, and when I hollered she trotted me. That comes of being a two-days-old baby. Never mind; when I'm a man I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me

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now, and if I say a word about it I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush, don't wake up Emeline's baby," and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline.

No, I was mistaken, for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby, and looked at me, and said I was a "funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of segars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I belong to. Yes, there's another one—that's "Gamma." Emeline told me, and she took me up and held me against her soft cheek, and said, "It was Gamma's baby, so it was." I declare I do not know who I do belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find ont.

There comes Snuffy with catnip tea. The idea of giving babies catnip tea when they are crying for information! I'm going to sleep.

HEADS.

MRS. DIAZ.

[*To be recited by a small boy.*]

Heads are of different shapes and sizes. They are full of notions. Large heads do not hold the most. Some persons can tell what a man is by the shape of his head. High heads are the best kind. Very knowing people are called long-headed. A fellow that won't stop for anything or anybody is called hot-headed. If he is not quite so bright he is called soft-headed. If he won't be coaxed or turned they call him pig-headed. Animals have very small heads. The heads of fools slant back. When your head is cut off you are beheaded. Our heads are covered with hair, except bald heads. There are barrel-heads, heads of sermons — and some ministers used to have fifteen heads to each sermon — pin-heads, heads of cattle, as the farmer calls his cows and oxen, head-winds, drum-heads, cabbage heads, logger-heads, come to a head, heads of chapters, head him off, head of the family, and go ahead — but first be sure you are right; but the worst of all heads are the dead-heads who hang around an editor for free tickets to shows.

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LITTLE THINGS.

B. F. TAYLOR.

[*Simply and naturally.*]

Little marten-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cosy. Little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered Paradise than anything we know of. Little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment.

Little words are the sweetest to hear. Little charities fly further, and stay the longest on the wing. Little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews, little girls and boys!

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

LUCY LARCOM.

[*In a lively manner.*]

Suppose the little cowslip
  Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
  I'd better not grow up;"
How many a weary traveller
  Would miss its fragrant smell;
How many a little child would grieve
  To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew-drops
  Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
  I'd better roll away"
The blade on which it rested,
  Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
  Would wither in the sun.

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Suppose the little breezes,
  Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
  The traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
  And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
  If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
  A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
  And little wisdom, too.
It wants a loving spirit,
  Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
  For others by its love!

PARK SPARROWS.

BY HENRY ASTEN.

[*Recite simply and naturally.*]

Dainty, dainty little heads,
  Peeping out with merry eyes,
Haste and leave your tiny beds;
    Though it blows
    And it snows,
You will come and get your breakfast if you're wise.

Well for you, my fly-a-ways,
  Now the ground and trees are bare,
That, through all the weary days,
    Snug and warm
    From the storm,
You are sheltered from the cold and piercing air.

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Pretty brownies, you are blest:
Many beggars in the street
Have no home or place of rest;
Sick and sore,
From door to door
They must wander for a bit of bread to eat.

Better days will come again,
When the snow shall pass away,
And the soft and silvery rain
Patters down
On the town;
He who loveth all below will bring the May.

THE HOUSE-MAID.

FANNY FERN.

[*To be recited by a little girl dressed as a house-maid, with broom and duster.*]

(*Enter, talking.*) Oh, dear, dear! Wonder if my mistress *ever* thinks I am made of flesh and blood? Five times within half an hour I have trotted up stairs to hand her things that were only four feet from her rocking chair. Then there's her son, Mr. George—it does seem to me that a great able-bodied man like him needn't call a poor tired woman up four pairs of stairs to ask, "What's the time of day?" Heigh-ho! It's "Sally, do this," and "Sally, do that!" till I wish I never had been named at all; and I might as well go further back, while I am about it, and wish I had never been born.

Now, instead of ordering me round so, like a dray horse, if they would only look up smiling like, now and then, or ask me how my "rheumatiz" did, or say, "Good morning, Sally," or show some sort of interest in a fellow creature, I could pluck up a bit of heart to work for them A kind word would ease the wheels of my treadmill amazingly, and wouldn't cost *them* anything either.

Look at my clothes, all at sixes and sevens. I can't get a minute

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to sew on a string or a button except at night, and then I am so sleepy it is as much as ever I can find my way to bed; and what a bed it is, to be sure! Why, even the pigs are now and then allowed clean straw to sleep on; and as to bed-clothes, the less said about them the better; my old cloak serves for a blanket, and the sheets are as thin as a charity school soup.

Well, well; one wouldn't think it, to see all the fine glittering things down in the drawing room — Miss Clara's diamond ear-rings and mistress' rich dresses. I try to think it is all right, but it is no use.

To-morrow's Sunday—"day of rest" I believe they call it. Humph! more cooking to be done—more company—more confusion than on any other day in the week. If I own a soul I haven't heard how to take care of it for many a long day. Wonder if my master and mistress calculate to pay me for *that* if I lose it? It is a *question* in my mind. Land of Goshen! I ain't sure I've got a mind. (*Bell rings.*) There's the bell again. [*Exit.*

CHOICE OF HOURS.

MRS. GILMAN.

[*To be spoken by two little girls.*]

FIRST SPEAKER.

I love to walk at twilight,
  When sunset nobly dies,
And see the parting splendor
  That lightens up the skies,
And call up old remembrances,
  Deep, dim as evening gloom,
Or look to heaven's promises,
  Like starlight on a tomb.

SECOND SPEAKER.

I love the hour of darkness,
  When I give myself to sleep,
And I think that holy angels
  Their watch around me keep.

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My dreams are light and happy,
As I innocently lie,
For my mother's kiss is on my cheek
And my father's step is nigh.

A MAIDEN'S PSALM OF LIFE.

PHŒBE CARY.

[*To be recited by a little girl.*]

Tell me not, in idle jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real—life is earnest—
Single blessedness a fib!
"Man thou art, to man returnest!"
Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way·
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us nearer marriage day!

Life is long and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still, like pleasant drums, are beating
Wedding marches on the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a heroine—a wife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present;
Heart within and hope ahead.

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Lives of married folks remind us
  We can live our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Such examples as shall "tell."

Such examples that another,
  Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart and court!

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing,
  And each one a husband get!

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

ANON.

[*Recite the two following pieces with simplicity and naturalness.*]

Up this world and down this world,
And over this world and through,
    Though drifted about
    And tossed without,
Why, "paddle your own canoe."

What though the sky is heavy with clouds,
Or shining, a field of blue,
    If the bleak wind blows,
    Or the sunshine glows,
Still "paddle your own canoe."

What if breakers rise up ahead,
With dark waves rushing through,
    Move steadily by,
    With downcast eye,
And "paddle your own canoe."

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If a hurricane rise in the midnight skies,
And the stars are lost to view,
Glide safely along,
With a smile and a song,
And "paddle your own canoe."

Up this world, and down this world,
And over this world and through,
Though weary and worn,
Bereft and forlorn,
Still, "paddle your own canoe."

Never give up when trials come,
Never grow sad and blue;
Never sit down
With a fear and a frown,
But "paddle your own canoe."

There are daisies springing along the shores,
Blooming and sweet for you;
There are rose-hued dyes
In the autumn skies—
Then "paddle your own canoe."

A TALE OF A MOUSE.

ANON.

Last night as I tumbled and toss'd in my bed,
Half roasted, half toasted, and nearly quite dead,
I heard a slight wriggle, and then a loud rap,
And I said to myself, "There's a mouse in the trap!"
So I jump'd up and lighted my small chamber lamp,
And quickly discover'd the precious young scamp.
I held up the box, and a pair of bright eyes
Look'd hard in my face with a midnight surprise,
And a brief little tail was coiled up there so snug,
I thought that the mouse was a common sized bug.

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There sat the young sinner, exceedingly slim,
He wondering at me, and I wondering at him!
"And don't you consider yourself a great rogue?"
I said, imitating the mouse people's brogue;
"And very great villain, not honest at all?"
Said the mouse, with a whine, "I'm exceedingly small
Just look at my figure, examine my face,
I am young, my dear sir, to be caught in this case,
And if you'll but let me get out of this 'fix,'
With the best of good mice, sir, in future I'll mix."

"Not so," I replied, "you have troubled me sore—
In short, Mister Mouse, you're a terrible bore,
You've nibbled my closet, you've nibbled my nose,
You've eaten away all the ends of my toes,
And if on my cheese, sir, unharm'd you should sup,
You'd grow to a giant, and then eat *me* up."

The mouse gave a sigh, as I took up the box,
But he felt like a culprit just put in the stocks;
Then I went to the window and look'd on the night—
The heat was terrific, the stars were all bright.
I look'd down the court and espied a tall cat,
Who was fanning her whiskers while cooking a rat,
So said I, "Mistress Pussy, allow me to add
A bit to your meal in shape of a sad
But, I hope, very tender and delicate mouse—
The last of his tribe, so I trust, in the house."

The cat mew'd her thanks and uplifted her paws,
So I shook out the plague just over her claws.
Then rose a faint struggle, and then a short scream—
No harm to the mouse, though—'twas all like a dream,
For I saw him run off as the cat *raised her wail*,
And the moon dropped a beam on the tip of his tail.

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DARE AND DO!

J. W. SANBORN.

[*Boldly and forcibly.*]

Onward go, forward go,
  Like a soldier true!
Manfully perform the work
  That is yours to do!

Never fear, never faint,
  In the world's highway;
Earnestly declare the right,
  For it work and pray!

Nobly think, nobly act,
  In life's endeavor;
Show a will to dare and do—
  Be a coward never!

Onward go, forward go;
  Be master of your plan:
Let your golden watchword read:
  "I'll be a working man!"

THE MAGIC OF SILENCE.

ANON.

[*Give in a natural, conversational style.*]

You have often heard "It takes two to make a quarrel." Do you believe it? I'll tell you how one of my little friends managed. Dolly never came to see Marjorie that there was not a quarrel. Marjorie tried to speak gently, but no matter how hard she tried, Dolly finally made her so angry that she would soon speak sharp words, too.

"O, what shall I do?" cried poor little Marjorie.

"Suppose you try this plan," said her mamma. "The next time

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Dolly comes in, seat yourself in front of the fire, and take the tongs in your hand. Whenever a sharp word comes from Dolly, gently snap the tongs *without speaking a word.*"

Soon afterwards, in marched Dolly to see her little friend.

It was not a quarter of an hour before Dolly's temper was ruffled, and her voice was raised, and, as usual, she began to find fault and scold. Marjorie fled to the hearth and seized the tongs, snapping them gently.

More angry words from Dolly.

Snap! went the tongs.

More still. *Snap!*

"Why don't you speak?" screamed Dolly in a fury. *Snap!* went the tongs.

"Speak!" said she. *Snap!* was the only answer.

"I'll never, never come again—never!" cried Dolly.

Away she went. Did she keep her promise? No, indeed. She came the very next day; but seeing Marjorie run for the tongs, she solemnly said if she would only let them alone, they should quarrel no more for ever and ever!

GRANDMA'S JEWELS.

LIZZIE P. SMART.

[*Give in a tender, expressive manner.*]

In an old trunk of Grandma's,
  That I found the other night,
Was a tiny case of jewels,
  Lined with satin white.

First I came to a circlet of pearls,
  Once worn on Grandma's hair,
Those tresses now are silver,
  And need no gems more rare.

Then a dainty turquoise ring,
  That was clasped by chubby hands;
And many more delicate trinkets
  Grown old 'mid life's swift sands.

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Then a great seal ring of Grandpa's
  And a lock of lover's hair·
And the tiny diamond engagement ring
  That Grandma used to wear.

There were other treasures in the trunk,
  Fairy slippers and fans of white;
Orange blossoms, and wedding gowns,
  Once such a dainty sight!

And Grandma told me the story,
  As I sat upon her knee,
Of the time long, long ago,
  When she lived on "Bonnie Dundee."

And she looked so very pleasant,
  A white 'kerchief on her breast,
As she told me the old story
  Of the days she loved the best.

Angels guard dear gentle Grandma—
  May those gems be hers in heaven;
For, to the loving ones of earth,
  The bright Crown shall be given!

LITTLE JOHNNY ON BABIES.

ANON.

[*Speak this seriously.*]

BABIES aint big enuf to lick, or you wude see me a pitchin into em, I can tell you, for I don't like em, but wen you luke at one and see em so little, you say, now if I was to take of my cote and give you a good thrashin you cudent help yourself, so may be you cant help being a nuisance, too. That's wot I say wen our baby puts its gummy hands onto my face wen Ime made to set and mind him, but you jest wait til he gets as big as me, so it wude be a fair fite, and then see wot Ile do, that's all! I spose I like that little

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feller like Ime tole to, but wot does he put his gummy hands for in my face wen I kiss him?

I no were there is a baby, wich is a lot older than ourn, but not morn half so big, and it cant wok, and it cant tok, but sech dresses as that baby wears wude make yure head swim. It is in a shop windo, and it is made of whax.

I spose babies is different from fokes cos they don't no no better, but if I was them you wudent cetch me puttin everything in this world into my mouth, I can tel you, like ourn does. Mary, thats the house maid, she was only a chile wen she was to home, and she use to have dols, but she never see a meat baby real close til she came to our house, and that girl was jes a stonish ol the time to see wot baby wude do, and it was morn munth fore she wud touch it. One day Mary she come a bustin in the dinin room wen it was dinner, wite like a sheet and hardly any breth, and she said, O, if you please, mum, baby has went and et the nursry dore every bit up, ol but jest the nob, but wen my mother she went to see wot was the matter it was only father had tuke of the dore to mend it, and baby was a suckin a round paper wate. Sech a girl!

A POUTING GIRL.

ANON.

[*Slowly and with humor.*]

Sniff, sniff, sniff!
Little May is in a tiff.
Snuff, snuff, snuff!
Don't you think she's cried enough?
Pout, pout, pout!
How her pretty lips stick out!
Drop, drop, drop!
Will the quick tears never stop?
Shade, shade, shade!
I am very much afraid
That she has forgotten quite
To be sunny, sweet and bright!

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Creep, creep, creep!
A little smile begins to peep.
Oh, oh, oh!
Now she is ashamed, I know.
Fie, fie, fie!
Do not look so very shy.
Peek, peek, peek!
There's a dimple in her cheek.
Run, run, run,
Naughty clouds, before the sun!
Tears and trouble go away
From all little girls to day!

GUESSING.

W. O. C.

[*Exercise for a small boy and two young ladies. Young ladies take their places, and reply from the audience.*]

Boy. Can anybody guess my conundrum? I'll tell you pretty quick what it is. (*Holds up a large potato.*) Why is a little boy like a potato?

First Young Lady (*rising.*) Because he needs sprouting to keep him good.

Boy. *I* don't need sprouting to keep me good. I always mind my mother, and say "please," and she always can't say "no." Guess more.

Second Young Lady (*rising.*) Why is a little boy like a potato? Because you must wash the dirt off before you can see his skin.

Boy. That isn't any such thing. My face is washed, and washed, and washed; and there never's a bit of dirt on it. You can see how clean my hands are. (*Holds up hands, which are black with dirt.*) Guess more.

First Young Lady. I don't think we can guess. You will have to tell.

Boy. Why is a little boy like a potato? Because he has eyes. (*Makes bow and retires.*)

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GOOD MORNING.

ANON.

[*Deliver in a lively manner.*]

Don't forget to say "Good Morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers; and say it cheerfully and with a smile. It will do you good and do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "Good Morning," heartily and smilingly spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems—*really* seems to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it!

And if this be true of the "Good Morning," it is true, also, of all kind, heartsome greetings. They cheer the discouraged; rest the tired one; and, somehow, make the wheels of life run smoothly. Never forget to say "Good Morning!"

A SUMMER SHOWER.

GEORGE COOPER.

[*To be given in a descriptive manner.*]

The dust is flying here and there
  In funny little whirls;
The leaves are turning upside down—
  The breeze among them swirls.
The cows are lowing in the lane,
  And window shutters creak;
Rumble, rumble, rumble,
  The clouds begin to speak.

A shiver runs along the brook,
  And leaden grows the sky;
The sunshine falls a mile away,
  Then shuts up like an eye.
You couldn't find a bird or bee
  In upland, vale or plain.
Patter, patter, patter,
  The bulging drops of rain.

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The chickens hide beneath the shed
  And wear their ruffled capes;
The very weather this for ducks
  To show their waddling shapes.
From yonder farm a rooster gives
  A dull, despairing crow;
It's raining, raining, raining
  Over there, we know.

The grass has grown a deeper green,
  The sky a darker blue;
And, O, we little know the good
  A summer shower can do!
The birds are singing loud and clear—
  And this is what they say:
"Come out, come out, come out again!
  The clouds are gone away!"

THE TREE AND THE FLOWER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

[*Render in a natural, conversational style.*]

"How sad is my fate!" one day said the mayflower. "What benefit do I receive from these beautiful green leaves and my little silver bells, that sound and ring in the mild May air? My leaves will soon fall withered to the ground, the echo of my bells will cease, and I be gone, faded, lost, forgotten. But you, proud tree, can live centuries, and can wave your head in the mild spring air, as well as elevate it in a storm; years come and go, but you remain the same, firm and strong. Oh, that I too were a tree, how glad and happy should I be "

"Go, foolish little flower," said the tree; "be content with thy destiny, as I also must try to be. Believe me, I have often envied the flowers, when gay and happy children have twined them into wreaths for their parents; or when I have seen you taken for decorating churches, and felt that you were indispensable at every festi-

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val, while I was left standing here alone, with only the tempest for my playmate. Go, then, silly little flower; be satisfied with your lot in life; you only die to revive again, more beautiful and lovely than ever."

"What answer did the little flower make to all this?" inquired a little boy, who, like most children, was fond of asking questions.

"It felt ashamed and kept silent," said his mamma, "and never again indulged in ungrateful complaints."

THE IMPATIENT HEN.

GEORGE COOPER.

[*Simply and with distinctness.*]

This is the tale of a queer old hen
That sat on eggs exactly ten.
She made her nest with pride and care,
And weather foul and weather fair
You always found her at her post,
For patience was her daily boast.
Alas! how oft it is our lot
To brag of what we haven't got.
This will apply to hens and men,
And boys and girls.

Days passed, and when
The sun began to warmer grow,
And grass and leaves began to show
Their twinkling green on hill and vale;
When sweet and pleasant was the gale,
This queer old hen began to long
To join once more the noisy throng
Of idle gossips—half a score—
That strutted by the old barn door.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! here I am tied!
A weary lot is mine," she sighed;
"No gleam of pleasure do I catch;
Why don't these tiresome chickens hatch?

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It worries me in heart and legs
To sit so long upon these eggs;
I'm sick of pining here at home.
Oh, chicks, chicks, chicks, why don't you come?
Your little houses, white and warm,
I've sheltered from the angry storm.

"There's Mother Dominique, next door,
Her darlings number half a score,
And they've been out a week or more;
And now she wanders at her ease,
As proud and happy as you please.
So, stir your pinky little pegs,
  My yellow bills, come out and walk,
Or else I'll doubt my eggs are eggs,
  And think they are but lumps of chalk!"

Then something rash and sad befell;
This old hen pecked each brittle shell,
And, not so wonderful to tell,
Her treatment, which was very rude,
Killed on the spot her tiny brood!
And now, despised by fowls and men,
She lives a broken-hearted hen!

This is the moral of my lay:
To reap success in work or play,
Why spoil whatever you've begun
Through eagerness to have it done?
Remember poor Dame Partlet's fate;
Don't be impatient—learn to wait!

THAT'S HOW.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

[*Earnestly.*]

After a great snow storm a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow bank before his graudmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

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"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along.

"By keeping at it," said the little boy, cheerfully, that's how!"

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the suu. If a hard task is before you stick to it.

Do not keep thinking how large or how hard it is, but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller until it is done.

COPARTNERSHIP.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

[*In a descriptive manner.*]

Two little urchins started out
To tramp the streets and lanes about
In search of rags, bones, coal or wood,
But taught to seek their needed food
By shunning all the "grocery stores"
And rapping at the basement doors.

So, armed with basket and with bag,
They, lest their trade should sometimes drag,
Agreed to share, if either found
A nice "tit-bit" in all their round—
A precious morsel of meat or cake,
Fruit, tart or pie, to "give or take."

Now lucky Jimmy soon espied
A rosy apple, and sought to hide
From his companion's greedy eyes
His unexpected, luscious prize;
But following his mother Eve,
Who, with an apple first deceived,
Took still another road to crime,
The fruit concealing for a time;
She shared with Adam the tempting fruit,
He sought his palate *alone* to suit!

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Now, wary Tom, made keen and bold
By years of strife with want and cold,
Read in his comrade's sparkling eyes
Possession of some valued prize,
And claimed his share by contract right,
Else, from his size, by right of might.

Jim passed the apple, while Tom agreed
To take a bite, and stick to creed
Of "give and take;" he opened wide
Capacious jaws, and lo! inside
The apple popped! Poor little Jim
Saw but a morsel left for him;
"See here!" exclaimed the luckless wight,
"You've taken the *apple* and left the *bite!*"

THE SUN AND THE JACKAL.

JOEL BENTON.

[*Descriptively.*]

The sun came down to earth one day
  And sat in quiet on the road;
But all who came or went that way,
  Unmindful of him, onward strode,

Except the little Jackal. He
  Observed the sun admiringly:
"This handsome little child, I find,
  The heedless men have left behind."

Then lifting him upon his back,
  He screams with vigor at the heat:
"Get down! Alack a-day, alack!"
  And hurries off with quickened feet.

So, ever since, the Jackal's back
Has worn a sun-marked stripe of black.

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SOMETHING THAT BEGINS WITH AN "S.

CHILD'S WORLD.

[*To be given by a very little boy.*]

"I know what I'm going to be when I get big," said Vickery.
"What's that?" asked Vickery's mother.
"Something that begins with an "S."
"Shoemaker?"
"No."
"Sailor?"
"No."
"Soldier?"
"No."
"What then?"
"'Stronomer!" said Vickery.

WATCH YOURSELF.

CHILD'S WORLD.

[*Naturally and distinctly.*]

"When I was a school-boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching boys. One day he called out to us, 'Boys, I must have close attention to your books!' The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to his case.' Ah, thought I to myself, there's Joe Simmins that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. 'Indeed,' said he, 'and how did you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' said I. 'You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' I was caught, and I never watched for the boys again!"

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DO NOT WAIT.

ANON.

[*To be spoken by a little girl.*]

"I wish I was a big woman to help you, mother," said a little girl.

"Bring mother's thimble; that will help me," said mother, smiling.

Just as if God meant for little children to grow up before helping their dear parents! No, no! God gave them two nimble feet on purpose for them to take steps for mother, and eight fingers and two thumbs on purpose to bring and carry for her!

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

[*With simpleness and life.*]

I'll tell you how the leaves came down:
  The great Tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
  Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed.

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
  "Let us a little longer stay!
Dear father Tree, behold our grief—
  'Tis such a very pleasant day
  We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day,
  To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
  Upon the autumn breezes swung,
  Whispering all their sports among.

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"Perhaps the great Tree will forget
  And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
  But the great Tree did no such thing;
  He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed!" he cried;
  And, ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
  Fluttering and rustling everywhere
  Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
  Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
  White bed-clothes heaped upon her arm,
  Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled,
  "Good-night, dear little leaves," he said;
And, from below, each sleepy child
  Replied, "Good-night," and murmured
  "It is so nice to go to bed."

BOYS, THINK OF THIS!

[*Boldly and forcibly.*]

Boys, did you ever think that this world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers—with with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads and magnetic telegraphs—with all its millions of grouping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys of the present age—boys like you? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The presidents, kings, governors, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers, men of the future—all are boys now.

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BABY'S SKIES.

M. C. BARTLETT.

[*To be spoken by a little girl very tenderly.*]

Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are mamma's eyes.
Mamma's eyes and smile together
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mamma, keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complaining,
Lest the baby think 'tis raining.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

ANON.

[*Descriptively.*]

The cottage work is over,
  The evening meal is done
Hark! thro' the starlight stillness
  You hear the river run.
The little children whisper,
  Then speak out one and all:
"Come, father, make for Johnny
  The rabbit on the wall."

He—smilingly assenting,
  They gather round his chair;
"Now, grandma, you hold Johnny—
  Don't let the candle flare."
So, speaking, from his fingers
  He throws a shadow tall,
That seems, a moment after,
  A rabbit on the wall.

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The children shout with laughter,
  The uproar louder grows;
Even grandma chuckles faintly,
  And Johnny chirps and crows.
There ne'er was gilded painting,
  Hung up in lordly hall,
Gave half the simple pleasure
  Of this rabbit on the wall.

SPRING.

ANON.

[*For a class of little ones in two divisions. Briskly.*]

All. Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring
Is come, is come, is come!
1*st division.* On the hills the grass is springing,
2*d* " On the trees the birds are singing;
1*st* " All the air is soft with showers,
2*d* " Fields and woods are bright with flowers;
All. All things beauty and gladness bring,
With Spring returning, delightsome Spring!
1*st division* Spring, Spring!
2*d* " Lovely Spring!
All. Welcome, welcome, welcome Spring.

1*st division.* Carefully turn the furrowed land,
2*d* " Scatter the seed on every hand;
1*st* " Faithful labor is never in vain,
Faithful sowing shall harvest again.
2*d* " Heaven shall send the sun and rain,
Crown the Autumn with store of grain.
All Trust, trust, Heaven shall send
Bounteous blessings without end.

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[*More slowly.*]

1st division. Childhood,
2d " Springtime,
All. Sow the seed
In the youthful heart;
1st division. Christ will nourish,
2d " It will flourish,
All. And new life impart
1st " Sinking in our hearts, all glowing,
Shall spring up this heavenly sowing,
And through storm and sunshine growing,
2d division. By and by the fruit shall be
Fruit the angels love to see,
Ripe for immortality.
All. And the angels—
Happy angels—
Glad shall come,
Gathering the harvest home.

[*Very slowly.*]

1st division. Heaven!
2d " Home!
All. Bringing us to Heaven and home!

WORK FOR ALL.

EVANGELIST.

[*Recite in a bold, distinct way.*]

The drops of rain and the rays of light
Are small themselves, but when all unite
They water the world and they make it bright.

They do not say "of what use am I?"
We may each do good, if we will but try;
We may soothe some grief or some want supply.

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We can give to the poor a helping hand
We can cheer the sick, as we by them stand;
We can send God's work to the heathen land.

We can speak to others in tones of love;
We can dwell in peace, like the gentle dove
We can point the weary to rest above.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

ANON.

[*Speak simply.*]

A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost, broke out into the following words, "Alas! what an insignificant thing I am in this ocean of waters. My life is of no concern to the earth. I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God."

It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighborhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this, its humble soliloquy. The drop lay a great while hardening in the shell, till by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which, falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.

ANON.

[*With earnestness.*]

Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of the wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy."

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Without making a reply the wise man led the king over a rough path till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man; "build thy home in heaven, and thou shalt have peace and happiness.

THE WHISPERER.

UNCLE JOE.

[*Speak as if you were telling a story.*]

There was once a lovely princess who had a fairy for a godmother. This young princess was slender, graceful, and very fair to behold. She usually dressed in green—green being her favorite color.

This pretty creature would have been a great favorite but for her very troublesome habit of whispering. She had always some wonderful news, or seemed to have, which everybody must hear privately; so, no wonder that she came to be known, at last, by the name of the Whisperer.

Now, this conduct was very displeasing to the old fairy, who, being of a hasty temper, would get angry, and scold and threaten her; though, when good natured, she would smile most pleasantly upon her, and drop gold in her path.

The princess, as may be imagined, liked to see herself well dressed, and every year she saved up the gold which her godmother had dropped, and spun and wove herself a fine gold mantle. The fairy was quite willing to find her in gold to spin, and all would have gone well only for the habit above mentioned, which habit I will say, in passing, was very strong upon her in breezy weather. But one day the old lady, who was, as has been remarked, of rather a hasty turn, became so provoked that she lost all patience with the Whisperer, and touching her with her wand changed her, quick as thought, to a slender green tree.

"Now stand there and whisper to the winds!" cried the angry fairy.

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And sure enough she did. The pretty, graceful tree did stand and whisper to the winds ever after; but always saved up sunshine enough, through the long summer days, to weave for itself a golden mantle, and when decked in that was just as pleased as a tree could be to see itself so fine.

Now this is the way, so I've been told, that birch trees began! Go into the woods any time when there's a light breeze stirring and you may hear them whispering, whispering, whispering. They never fail, however, to save up sunshine enough through the long summer days to weave for themselves fine gold mantles.

But these fine golden mantles are sure to be spoiled by a rough old king who comes this way every year, storming and raging, and making a bluster. He gives them white mantles instead of their golden ones, but they are not so pretty.

Do you know who this old king is? Why, Winter, to be sure!

JINGLES.

ANON.

[*Speak in a simple, natural way.*]

Who can tell what the baby thinks
When it wakes from its forty winks
And rubs its face into numerous kinks,
And stares at the light that comes in at the chinks
Of its rock-a-by nest, and gapes and blinks—
Who can tell what a baby thinks?

Who has courage to venture a guess
As to what the baby may think of its dress,
Trimmed and ruffled to such excess;
Or what the baby may think of the mess
For headache, and toothache, and stomach distress,
And for all its ailings, more or less?

When does the baby begin to grow?
When does the mind begin to show?
When does the baby begin to know
That this is true, or that is so?
Say, when you find out, please let me know.

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THE ORATOR.

Speak with earnestness and truth;
Speak with all the fire of youth;
Speak with Nature for your guide;
Speak with mind and heart beside;
Speak to please, to sway, to move.
These rules observed the Orator will prove.

"HOW'S MY BOY?"

SIDNEY DOBELL.

[*In a tender, descriptive manner.*]

"Ho! sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy, John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder, down in the town;
There's not an ass in all the parish
But knows my John.

How's my boy—my boy?
And, unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no—
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no—
Sure his ship was 'The Jolly Briton.'"
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

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"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy, John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down!"

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down—
Every man aboard her!"

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother.
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

THE ONLY TRUE NOBILITY.

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

[*With expression and force.*]

I call upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It *is* broken down; and it *has been* broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built up again, here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit

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to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter but break it in the spirit; fulfil it with the muscle but break it with the mind. To *some* field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature—it is impiety to Heaven—it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. TOIL, I repeat—TOIL, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

OATS.—(*A Parody on Poe's Raven.*)

ANON.

[*In a vivacious manner.*]

The other night while we lay musing, and our weary brain confusing o'er the topics of the day, suddenly we heard a rattling as of serious hosts a battling, as they mingled in the fray. "What is that?" we cried, upstarting, and into the darkness darting, slap! we ran against the door. "Oh, 'tis nothing," Edward grumbled, as o'er a huge arm-chair we stumbled, "'tis a bug and nothing more." Then, said we, our anger rising (for we thought it so surprising that a bug should thus offend), "Do you think a small insect, sir, thus would all the air infect, sir? No, 'tis not a bug, my friend."

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Now, becoming sorely frightened, round our waist our pants we tightened, and put on our coat and hat—when into the darkness peering, we saw, with trembling and much fearing, the glaring eyes of Thomas Cat, Esq. With astonishment and wonder we gazed upon this son of thunder, as he sat upon the floor—when, resolution taking, and a rapid movement making, lo! we opened wide the door. "Now clear out!" we hoarsely shouted, as o'erhead our boot was flouted; "take your presence from my floor." Then with air and mien majestic, this dear creature, called domestic, made his exit through the door. Made his exit without growling, neither was his voice howling, not a single word he said. And with feeling much elated, to escape a doom so fated we went back to bed.

THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.

MARIAN DOUGLASS.

[*In a natural, simple manner.*]

The white turkey was dead! The white turkey was dead!
  How the news thro' the barn-yard went flying!
Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,
  And their case for assistance was crying.
E'en the peacock respectfully folded his tail,
  As a suitable symbol of sorrow;
And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,
  Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?
And when evening around them comes dreary and chill,
  Who above them will watchfully hover?"
"Two, each night, I will tuck 'neath my wings," said the duck,
  "Tho' I've eight of my own I must cover."
"I have so *much* to do! for the bugs and the worms
  In the garden 'tis tiresome pickin';
I have nothing to spare, for my own I must care,"
  Said the hen with one chicken.

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"How I wish," said the goose, "I could be of some use,
For my heart is with love over-brimming;
The next morning that's fine they shall go with my nine
Little yellow-backed goslings out swimming!"
"I will do what I can," the old dorking began,
"And for help they may call upon me, too,
Tho' I've ten of my own that are only half grown,
And a great deal of trouble to see to.
But those poor little things, they are all heads and wings,
And their bones thro' their feathers are stickin'!"
"Very hard it may be, but, oh! don't come to me,"
Said the hen with one chicken.

"Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows,
I'm the most overburdened of mothers!
They must learn, little elves, how to scratch for themselves,
And not seek to depend upon others."
She went by with a cluck, and the goose to the duck
Exclaimed, in surprise, "Well, I never!"
Said the duck, "I declare, those who have the least care,
You will find, are complaining forever!
And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,
And when troubles your pathway are thick in,
For aid in your woe, oh! beware how you go
To a hen with one chicken."

KNOWLEDGE.

ANON.

[*In a bold, forcible manner.*]

One fountain there is whose deep vein has only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who will drink from it peace and joy. It is knowledge; the fountain of cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear his vision, brings joy to

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his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt find thyself rich! Thou mayest go forth into the world and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst cultivate it in thine own little chamber; thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversation with thee. The industrious kingdoms of the ant, the works of man, and rainbow and music records offer to thy soul hospitality.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

ANON.

Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them as instruments of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, oh, man immortal? Live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No. Your name your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

ARTEMUS WARD'S ORATION.—*July* 4, 1859.

[*With mock seriousness.*]

FELLER CITTERSUNS.—I hav bin onered with a invite to orate be4 you on this grate & gellorious day. The feelins which I feel on this occasion is more easier imagined than described. Wethersfield is justly distinguished for her onyuns and patertism the Wurld over, and to be requested to paws and address you on this, my fust per-

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feshernal tower to New Englan, raythor takes me down and fills my scie with various kinds of emoshuns. I cum befour you with no hily manured intelleck. You wont git no floury langwidge out of me. Imo a plain man—a exhibter of startlin curiositys, livin wild Beests & sich like, & what I shall say will be rite strate out and to the pint.

Imo no pollytishun, I have no enemys to reward or friends to spunge. Ime a Union man. I luv this Union from the Bottum of my Hart. I luv every hoop pole in Main and every sheep ranch in Texas. The cow pastures of New Hampshire is as dear to A. Ward as the rice plantashuns of Mississippy. There is mean critters in both of them air States and there is likewise good men and troo. It don't look very pretty fur a lot of inflammetary individuals who never liftid their hands in defence of Ameriky or did the fust thing toward skewerin our independunce to git their backs up and sware they'll dissolve the Union.

Two mutch good Blud was spilt in courtin and marryin that hily respectable female, the Goddess of Liberty, to get a divorce from her at this late day. The old gal has behaved herself two well to cast her off now; at the request of a parsul of addle-braned men and he wimin, who never did nobody no good and never will again. Ime sorry the pictures of the Goddess never give her no shoes or stockins, but the band of stars around her hed must continner to shine briter and briter so long as this Erth revolves round on her own axle tree. Ime for the Union now and forever, and may the hand of the fust onery cuss wither who attempts to burst her up.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

LONGFELLOW.

[*To be recited in a bold, vigorous manner.*]

Under a spreading chestnut tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith—a mighty man is he,
  With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
  Are strong as iron bands.

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His hair is crisp, and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat—
He earns whatever he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow—
Like the sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among the boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach—
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward thro' life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close—
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

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Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought—
Thus, on the sounding anvil, shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

GREAT LIVES IMPERISHABLE.

EDWARD EVERETT.

[*Boldly.*]

To be cold and breathless—to feel not and speak not—this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington, indeed, shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of Independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these cannot expire:

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away;
Cold in the dust the perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once can never die."

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ABOU BEN ADHEM.

LEIGH HUNT.

[*Solemnly and tenderly.*]

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name lead all the rest!

THE UNLUCKY LOVERS.—*A Tale of Japan.*

ANON.

[*In a lively vein.*]

Fanny Foo-Foo was a Japanese girl,
  A child of the great Tycoon;
She wore her head bald, and her clothes were made
  Half petticoat, half pantaloon;
Her face was the color of lemon peel,
  And the shape of a table spoon.

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A handsome young chap was Johnny Hi-Hi,
  And he wore paper muslin clothes;
His glossy black hair on the top of his head
  In the form of a shoe brush rose,
His eyes slanted downward, as if some chap
  Had savagely pulled his nose.

Fanny Foo-Foo loved Johnny Hi-Hi,
  And when, in the usual style,
He popped, she blushed such a deep orange tinge,
  You'd have thought she'd too much bile,
If it hadn't been for her slant-eyed glance
  And her charming wide mouth smile.

And oft in the bliss of their new born love,
  Did these little pagans stray
All around in spots, enjoying themselves
  In a strictly Japanese way:
She howling a song to a one string lute,
  On which she thought she could play.

Often he'd climb to a high ladder's top,
  And quietly there repose,
As he stood on his head and fanned himself
  While she balanced him on her nose,
Or else she would get in a pickle tub,
  And be kicked round on his toes.

The course of true love, even in Japan,
  Often runs extremely rough,
And the fierce Tycoon, when he heard of this,
  Used Japanese oaths so tough
That his courtiers' hair would have stood on end
  If only they'd had enough.

So the Tycoon buckled on both his swords,
  In his pistol placed a wad,
And went out to hunt for the truant pair,
  With his nerves braced by a "tod,"
He found them enjoying their guileless selves
  On top of a lightning rod.

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Sternly he ordered the gentle Foo-Foo
  To "come down out of that there!"
And he told Hi-Hi to go to a place—
  I won't say precisely where.
Then he dragged off his child, whose spasms evinced
  Unusually wild despair.

But the Tycoon, alas! was badly fooled,
  Despite his paternal pains,
For John, with a toothpick, let all the blood
  Out of his jugular veins;
While with a back somersault on to the floor
  Foo-Foo battered out her brains.

They buried them both in the Tycoon's lot,
  Right under a dogwood tree,
Where they could list to the nightingale and
  The buzz of the bumble-bee;
And where the mosquito's sorrowful chant
  Maddens the restless flea.

And often at night, when the Tycoon's wife
  Slumbered as sound as a post,
His almond shaped eyeballs looked on a sight
  That scared him to death almost—
'Twas a bald headed spectre flitting about
  With a paper muslin ghost!

A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

[*With expression and awe.*]

Little one, come to my knee!
  Hark how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch black night,
  And the wind in the woods a roaring!

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Hush, my darling, and listen,
  Then pay for the story with kisses;
Father was lost in the pitch black night,
  In just such a storm as this is,

High up on the lonely mountains,
  Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
  And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
  Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine tree roof,
  And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
  Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fur with thick set boughs,
  And sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
  Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled; two green eyes shone,
  And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened;
  I and the wolf together,
Side by side, thro' the long, long night
  Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
  Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
  That beast and man were brother.

And when the falling forest
  No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding place
  Forth in the wild, wet morning.

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Darling, kiss me in payment!
  Hark, how the wind is roaring;
Father's house is a better place
  When the stormy rain is pouring!

WASHINGTON'S NAME.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

[*In a stirring, bold manner.*]

At the heart of our country the tyrant was leaping,
  To dye there the point of his dagger in gore,
When Washington sprang from the watch he was keeping,
  And drove back the tyrant in shame from our shore.
The cloud that hung o'er us then parted and roll'd
Its wreaths far away, deeply tinctured with flame,
        And high on its fold
        Was a legend that told
The brightness that circled our Washington's name.

Long years have roll'd on, and the sun still has brighten'd
  Our mountains and fields with its ruddiest glow;
And the bolt that he wielded so proudly has lighten'd,
  With a flash as intense, in the face of the foe:
On the land and the sea, the wide banner has roll'd
O'er many a chief, on his passage to fame,
        And still on its fold
        Shine in letters of gold
The glory and worth of our Washington's name.

And so it shall be while Eternity tarries,
  And pauses to tread in the footsteps of Time;
The bird of the tempest, whose quick pinion carries
  Our arrows of vengeance, shall hover sublime:
Wherever that flag on the wind shall be roll'd,
All hearts shall be kindled with anger and shame
        If e'er they are told
        They are careless and cold,
In the glory that circles our Washington's name.

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"HOLD FAST WHAT I GIVE YOU."

LILY WARNER.

[*Recite in a simple manner, pressing the palms together in speaking the "Hold fast what I give you."*]

Molly, and Maggie, and Alice,
  Three little maids in a row,
At play in an arbor palace,
  Where the honeysuckles grow.

Six dimpled palms pressed together,
  Even and firm, two by two—
Three eager, upturned faces,
  Bonny brown eyes and blue.

Which shall it be, O you charmers?
  Alas! I am sorely tried—
I, a hard hearted old hermit,
  Who the question am set to decide.

Molly, the spirited, the darling,
  Shaking her shower of curls;
Whose laugh is the brook's own ripple,
  Gayest and gladdest of girls?

Maggie, the wild little brownie,
  Every one's plaything and pet,
Who leads me a chase thro' the garden
  For a kiss, the wicked coquette.

Or Alice? Ah! shy eyed Alice,
  Looking so softly down
Under her long, dark lashes,
  And hair so golden brown.

Alice, who talks with the flowers,
  And says there are none so wise,
Who *knows* there are elves and fairies,
  For hasn't she seen their bright eyes?

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There, there, at last I am ready
  To go down the bright, eager row;
So, up with your hands, my graces,
  Close—nobody else must know.

Hold fast what I give you, Molly;
  (Poor little empty palms!)
Hold fast what I give you, Maggie;
  (A frown steals o'er her charms.)

Hold fast what I give you, Alice;
  You smile—*do* you so much care?
Unclasp your pink little fingers;
  Ah, ha! the button is there.

But do you know, sweet Alice,
  All that I give you to keep?
For into my heart you have stolen
  As sunbeams to shadows creep.

You, a glad little maiden.
  How old are you? Only nine;
With your bright brown hair all shining,
  While the gray is coming to mine.

No matter, you'll be my true love,
  And come to my old arms, so;
And hold fast what I give you, Alice,
  For nobody else must know.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

THE MAD POET.

[*With liveliness and vim.*]

In the vast flower field of human affection there is not a more miserable being than the old bachelor. He is the very scarecrow of human happiness. He scares away the little birds of love that come

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to steal the hemlock seeds of loneliness and despair. See him come home to-night, wet and hungry; he finds a cold hearth, a barren table, and a lonely pillow that looks like the white urn of earthly enjoyment.

See him in the afternoon of his days, when his life is sinking to its sundown. Not a solitary star of memory gleams over the dusk of his opening grave. No devoted wife to bend like a blessing over his dying bed; no lovely daughter to draw his icy hand into the fond embrace of hers, and warm his freezing heart with the reviving fires of filial affection; no manly boy to link his breaking name with the golden chain of honorable society, and bind his history in the vast volume of the world he must soon leave forever.

It will soon be said that he has eat, and drank, and died; and earth is glad it is rid of him, for he has done little else than cram his soul into the circumference of a sixpence, and no human being but his washerwoman will breath a sigh at his funeral.

THE OCEAN STORM.

ANON.

[*Vigorously and with force.*]

The storm is dreadful! The heavens are one vast black cloud. The sheeted rain comes down in torrents. The fair earth is deluged. The sea—the broad-breasted sea—is tossed in terrible commotion, and the whole round world seems wrapped in eternal midnight. God reigns! Let all the earth stand in awe of Him! Hark! it is His voice—the rolling thunder. See, it is His eye—the fearful lightning. The smitten rock declares His power, and the monarch oak, rent from the adamantine hills, proclaims His might!

Alas! on such a night for the poor sea boy. No friendly star lights his dread course. The wind-spirit howls. Wild raves the maddened ocean. The demons of the storm make merry o'er his fate. Look! now tossed on mountain billows, the frail bark hurries to destruction. Oh, God have mercy on the poor sailor boy!

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Hark! he shrieks "Help! help!" He crys "Help!" but ah, no help is nigh.

The monsters of the deep stand ready for their prey, and the victim, in despair, awaits his awful death. The booming gun and the shrieks of human agony are vain. Peace and farewell to the poor sailor boy.

GOOD NATURE—WHAT A BLESSING!

BEECHER.

[*With force and vigor.*]

Good nature—what a blessing! Without it man is like a wagon without springs, it has the full benefit of every stone and way-rut. Good nature is the prime minister of a good conscience. It tells of the genial spirit within, and good nature never fails of a wholesome effect without.

Good nature is not only the government of one's own spirit, but it goes far in its effects upon those of others. It manifests itself on every street; it humanizes man; it softens the friction of a business world. Good nature is the harmonious act of conscience. Good nature in practical affairs is better than any other; better than what men call justice; better than dignity; better than standing on one's rights, which is so often the narrowest and worst place to stand on one can find.

A man who lacks good nature is like a long, lean, bony man sitting on an oak bench without anything under him; while a good natured man is like a fleshy man who always has a cushion under him. He can sit down anywhere and be comfortable. A man who lacks good nature is always quarrelling with somebody. It is impossible for him to agree with any one, and he is always losing his temper. This want of good nature made a certain President's road a hard one to travel. He might have seen better days had he known how to regulate his temper.

A man who knows how to hold on to his temper is the man who is respected by the community. And one who has good nature successfully travels about as does he who goes upon the prin-

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ciple — little of baggage but plenty of money. A man who is armed with hopefulness, cheerfulness and a genial spirit, is one who is going to be of practical and beneficent usefulness to his fellow man. There are no things by which the troubles and difficulties of this life can be resisted better than with wit and humor. And let the happy person who possesses these—if he be brought into the folds of the church—not allow conversion to deprive him of them. God has constituted these in man, and especially when they are so salient in meeting good naturedly the trials of this world they should be used. Happiness, at last, is dependent upon a soul that has holy communion with its Creator, "for in Him we have life eternal." Men also fail in happiness because they refuse to read the great lessons found in the great book of nature. Happiness is to be sought in the possession of true manhood rather than in its internal conditions.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

[*Simply and tenderly.*]

Still sits the school house by the road,
  A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
  And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
  Deep-scared by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
  The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall
  Its door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
  Went storming out to playing.

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Long years ago a winter sun
  Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window panes
  And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls
  And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
  When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
  Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
  Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
  To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
  The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
  The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
  As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
  I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
  "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray haired man
  That sweet child-face is showing;
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
  Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
  How few who pass above him,
Lament their triumph and his loss
  Like her—because they love him.

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THE SABBATH.

[*Tenderly.*]

The Sabbath Day is the beautiful river in the week of Time. The other days are troubled streams, whose angry waters are disturbed by the countless crafts that float upon them. But the sure river Sabbath flows on to eternal rest, chanting the sublime music of the silent, throbbing spheres, and timed by the pulsations of the everlasting life. Beautiful river Sabbath, glide on! Bear forth on thy bosom the poor, tired spirit to the rest which it seeks, and the weary, watching soul to endless bliss.

DO THY LITTLE—DO IT WELL.

ANON.

[*Boldly and vigorously.*]

Do thy little—do it well·
Do what right and reason tell
Do what wrong and sorrow claim;
Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery:
They whom Christ apostles made,
"Gathered fragments" when He bade

Do thy little, never mind
Tho' thy brethren be unkind·
Tho' the men who ought to smile
Mock and taunt thee for awhile.

Do thy little, never fear
While the Saviour standeth near;
Let the world its javelins throw,
On thy way undaunted go.

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Do thy little; God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring—
God employeth every thing.

Do thy little, and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
Ere has fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp, the sweat of death,
Then the little thou hast done—
Little battles thou has won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words with love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne—
These shall crown thy pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

THE UNBELIEVER.

[*With force.*]

I pity the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur. the glory and beauty of the natural universe and behold not the touches of His finger, who is over and with all and above all; from my very heart I do commiserate his condition.

The unbeliever! on whose intellect the light of revelation never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, and moon, and stars, and upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of

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chance. The heart of such a being is a drear and cheerless void. In him mind—the Godlike gift of intellect—is debased, destroyed, all is dark—a fearful, chaotic labyrinth, rayless, cheerless, hopeless!

A LITTLE GOOSE.

ELIZA S. TURNER.

[*In a simple, descriptive vein.*]

The chill November day was done,
  The working world home faring,
The wind came roaring through the streets
  And set the gas lamps flaring.

And hopelessly and aimlessly
  The seared old leaves were flying,
When, mingled with the sighing wind,
  I heard a small voice crying,

And shivering on the corner stood
  A child of four or over;
No hat or cloak her small soft arms
  Or wind-blown curls to cover.

Her dimpled face was stained with tears;
  Her round blue eyes ran over;
She crushed within her wee, cold hands
  A bunch of faded clover.

And one hand round her treasures,
  While she slipped in mine the other,
Half scared, half confidential, said
  "Oh! please, I want my mother."

"Tell me your street and number, pet;
  Don't cry, I'll take you to it,"
Sobbing, she answered, "I forget—
  The organ made me do it."

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"But what's your mother's name?
And what's the street? now think a minute."
"My mother's name is mamma dear,
The street—I can't begin it."

"But what is strange about the house,
Or new—not like the others?"
"I guess you mean my trundle bed—
Mine and my little brother's.

Oh! dear, I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers;
He's such a baby, he forgets,
And we are both such players.

And there's a bar between, to keep
From pitching on each other;
For Harry rolls when he's asleep—
Oh! dear, I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy, people passed,
All muffled, homeward faring;
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said at last, despairing.

I spied a ribbon round her neck.
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why, don't you know?" she smiling asked,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street and name!
My eyes, astonished, met it.
"For," said the little one, "you see
I might some time forget it.

And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
I might get lost without it."

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THE OLD PROFESSOR.

[*Give with tenderness.*]

The old professor taught no more,
  But lingered round the college walks
Stories of him we boys told o'er
  Before the fire, in evening talks.
I'll ne'er forget how he came in
  To recitation, one March night,
And asked our tutor to begin,
  "And let me hear these boys recite."

As we passed out we heard him say,
  'Pray, leave me here awhile alone,
Here in my old place let me stay,
  Just as I did in years long flown."
Our tutor smiled, and bowed assent,
  Rose courteous from his high-backed chair,
And down the darkening stairs he went,
  Leaving the old professor there.

* * * *

From out the shadows faces seemed
  To look on him in his old place,
Fresh faces that with radiance beamed—
  Radiance of boyish hope and grace:
And faces that had lost their youth,
  Although in years they still were young;
And faces o'er whose love and truth
  The funeral anthem had been sung.

"These are my boys," he murmured then;
  "My boys, as in the years long past;
Though some are angels, others men,
  Still as my boys I hold them fast.
There's one don't know his lesson now,
  That one of me is making fun,
And that one's cheating—ah! I see—
  I see and love them every one.

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"And is it, then, so long ago
  This chapter in my life was told?
Did all of them thus come and go,
  And have I really grown so old?
No! here are my old pains and joys,
  My book once more is in my hand,
Once more I hear these very boys,
  And seek their hearts to understand."

* * * *

They found him there, with open book,
  And eyes closed with a calm content;
The same old sweetness in his look
  There used to be when fellows went
To ask him questions and to talk,
  When recitations were all o'er;
We saw him in the college walk
  And in his former place no more.

AFTER.

GEORGE COOPER.

[*Give in a tender manner, pausing before speaking the last word of the last stanza.*]

After the shower the tranquil sun;
  After the snow the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done;
  After the harvest golden sheaves.

After the clouds the violet sky;
  After the storm the lull of waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
  After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell the wedding bells;
  After the bud the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
  After our weeping sweet repose.

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After the burden the blissful meed;
After the flight the downy nest;
After the furrow the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—Rest!

GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.

[*With energy.*]

About the room the Christmas greens
In rich profusion hung,
While sparkling in their gilded dress
Those graceful vines among,
Were fitting mottoes wrought with care,
Each with its wealth of good,
And *this* of all that decked those walls
The children's favorite stood—
"God bless our school."

It glittered in the morning sun
In characters of gold,
As beautiful at noontide hour,
Like Truth that ne'er grows old.
What though the storms were fierce without,
With low hung clouds of gloom,
A halo crowned those sacred words,
Its radiance filled the room—
"God bless our school."

Once to my side a fair young child
Came with her eyes of blue,
So full of light and innocence,
Pure thoughts were there I knew.
"Teacher," said she, "I wonder so
If it can really be,
That God, who lives high up above,
Looks down from heaven to see
And bless our school?"

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Oh, what a fitting time to teach
  A sweet and holy truth,
To leave its impress deep engraved
  Upon the mind of youth!
I took the little hand in mine,
  Gazed in that childish face,
And told how He, whose watchful look,
  Abides in every place,
    Could bless our school.

And how not e'en a sparrow's fall,
  Not e'en a raven's cry,
Though small they seem, could e'er escape
  The notice of His eye.
The child-face glowed with happy smiles,
  "Ah! now I know," said she,
"If God loves e'en the little birds,
  He surely cares for me
    And all our school."

O ye unto whose tender care
  These little ones are given,
Spurn not the thoughtful questionings,
  But turn their hearts to Heaven;
And when ye twine about your rooms
  The rich festoons of green,
There place among those graceful vines
  These golden words to gleam—
    "God bless our school."

THE TWO LIVES.

[*Tenderly and with expression.*]

Beautiful is old age—beautiful is the slow drooping, mellow autumn of a rich and glorious summer. In the old man Nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with the fruits of a well spent life; and, surrounded by his children's children, she rocks him softly

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away to a grave to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid that we should not call it beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows this side of the grave, which the grave gapes to finish before the victory is won; and, strange that it should be so, this is the highest life of man. Look along the great names of history; there are none whose life has been other than this.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[*Give in a simple, expressive style.*]

It was a summer's evening,
  Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
  Was sitting in the sun:
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
  Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
  In playing there, had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kasper took it from the boy,
  Who stood expectant by,
And then the old man shook his head,
  And, with a natural sigh,
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory!

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"I find them out in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now, tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder waiting eyes.
"Now, tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kasper cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory!

"My father lived at Blenheim then—
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly.
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory!

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And everybody praised the Duke
  Who this great fight did win;"
"But what good came of it at last?"
  Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
  "But 'twas a famous victory?"

THE IDLER.

[*Forcibly.*]

The idle man is an annoyance—a nuisance. He is of no benefit to anybody. He is an intruder in the busy thoroughfare of everyday life. He stands in our path, and we push him contemptously aside! He is of no advantage to anybody. He annoys busy men. He makes them unhappy. He is a cipher in society. He may have an income to support him in idleness, or may "sponge" on his good natured friends; but in either case he is despised. Young man, do something in this busy, bustling, wide-awake world Move about for the benefit of mankind, if not for yourself. Do not be idle. God's law is, that by the sweat of our brow we shall earn our bread. That law is a good one, and the bread we earn is sweet. Do not be idle. Minutes are too precious to be squandered thoughtlessly. Every man and every woman, however exalted or however humble, can do good in this short life, if so inclined; therefore, do not be idle.

COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

ANON.

[*Boldly and with force.*]

Not to the man of dollars,
  Not to the man of deeds;
Not to the man of cunning,
  Not to the man of creeds;
Not to the one whose passion
  Is for the world's renown;
Not in the form of fashion
  Cometh a blessing down.

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Not to the folly blinded,
  Not to the steeped in shame;
Not to the carnal minded,
  Not to unholy fame;
Not in neglect of duty,
  Not in the monarch's crown;
Not at the smile of beauty
  Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
  Yearns for the great and good,
That's the one whose storehouse
  Yieldeth the hungry food;
That's the one who labors
  Fearless of foe or frown—
Unto the kindly hearted
  Cometh a blessing down.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

M. H. KROUT.

[*Recite in a bold, vigorous manner.*]

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
  Up thro' the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
  That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses
  Where the thick-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
  And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
  They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
  In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
  And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
  On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

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They gather the delicate seaweeds,
  And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells—
  Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops,
  Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
  By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
  The humble and poor become great
And so from these brown-handed children
  Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
  The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette
  Shall be held in the little brown hand.

LITTLE JIM.

ANON.

[*Deliver with great tenderness.*]

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean;
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and clean.
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
A patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child—
A little worn out creature—his once bright eyes grown dim;
It was the collier's wife and child—they called him "Little Jim."

And oh, to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek
As she offered up a prayer in thought—she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hand uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He will spare her boy and take herself instead.

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She gets her answer from the child—soft fall these words from him:
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon 'Little Jim;'
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but, oh, I am so dry—
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't ye cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held a teacup to his lips;
He smiled to thank her as he took three tiny little sips.
"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good night to him;
"And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor "Little Jim!"
She saw that he was dying—that the child she loved so dear
Had uttered the last words that she might ever hope to hear.

The cottage door is opened—the collier's step is heard—
The father and the mother meet, but neither speaks a word;
He felt that all was over—he knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand and walked beside the bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down with sadness, they humbly ask of Him
That they may meet again in heaven their own poor "Little Jim."

PRESS ON!

ANON.

[*With vim, and stirringly.*]

Press on! our life is not a dream,
  Tho' often such its mazes seem;
We were not born to lives of ease,
  Ourselves alone to aid and please.

To each a daily task is given—
  A labor that shall fit for Heaven.
When duty calls let love grow warm,
  Amid the sunshine or the storm.
With faith life's trials boldly breast,
  Then go, a conquerer, to thy rest!

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THE BABY.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

[*Simply and naturally give the two following poems.*]

"Where did you come from, baby dear?"
"Out of the everywhere into the here."

"Where did you get your eyes so blue?"
"Out of the sky as I came through."

"What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?"
"Some of the starry spikes left in."

"Where did you get that little tear?"
"I found it waiting when I got here."

"What makes your forehead so smooth and high?"
"A soft hand stroked it as I went by."

"What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?"
"Something better than any one knows."

"Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?"
"Three Angels gave me at once a kiss."

"Where did you get that pearly ear?"
"God spoke and it came out to hear."

"Where did you get those arms and hands?"
"Love made itself into hooks and bands."

"Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?"
"From the same box as the cherub's wings."

"How did they all just come to be you?"
"God thought about me, and so I grew."

"But how did you come to us, you dear?"
"God thought of *you*, and so I am here."

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POLLY.

LILLIPUT'S LEVEE.

Brown eyes,
  Straight nose;
Dirt pies,
  Rumpled clothes.

Torn books,
  Spoilt toys;
Arch looks,
  Unlike a boy's.

Little rages,
  Obvious arts;
(Three her age is),
  Cakes, tarts.

Falling down
  Off chairs;
Breaking crown
  Down stairs.

Catching flies
  On the pane;
Deep sighs—
  Cause not plain.

Bribing you
  With kisses,
For a few
  Farthing blisses.

Wide awake!
  As you hear;
"Mercy's sake,
  Quiet, dear."

New shoes,
  New frock;
Vague views
  Of what's o'clock.

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When its time
  To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
  For what's said.

Folded hands,
  Saying prayers;
Understands not,
  Nor cares;

Thinks it's odd;
  Smiles away
Yet may God
  Hear her pray,

Bed gown white;
  Kiss Dolly;
Good night;
  That's Polly.

Fast asleep,
  As you see;
Heaven keep
My girl for me!

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

[*Recite the two pieces below in a lively manner.*]

Quoth the boy, "I'll climb that tree
  And bring down a nest, I know."
Quoth the girl, "I will not see
  Little birds defrauded so!
Cowardly their nests to take
And their little hearts to break;
Leave them happy for my sake,
  And their little eggs don t steal:
  Surely little birds can feel."

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Quoth the boy, "My senses whirl;
  Until now I never heard
Of the wisdom of a girl,
  Or the feelings of a bird.
Pretty Mrs. Solomon,
  Tell me what you reckon on
When you prate in such a strain?
  If I wring their necks anon,
Certainly they might feel pain!"

Quoth the girl, "I watch them talk,
  Making love and making fun,
In the pretty ash tree walk,
  When my daily task is done.
In their little eyes I find
  They are very fond and kind.
Every change of song and voice
  Plainly proveth to my soul
They can suffer and rejoice."

And the little robin bird
  (Nice brown, black and crimson breast)
All the conversation heard,
  Sitting, trembling in his nest.
"What a world," he cried, "of bliss,
  Full of birds and girls, were this;
Blithe we'd answer to their call;
  But a great mistake it is
Boys were ever made at all."

MY BROTHER JIM.

[*In a lively, humorous manner.*]

My brother Jim, my brother Jim,
How well do I remember him!
He was my senior by two years,
  And I his junior nearly ten,
So much inferior I was then.

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I loved him then, because he was
The only boy that I could sauce,
Or boldly quarrel with, without
  The fear of getting soundly licked—
Sometimes I would, without a doubt,
  Go much too far and then get kicked.

Whenever I got in a fuss
With some boy ready for a "muss,"
Who was almost my very size,
  I'd always call for brother Jim:
He'd take the job from off my hands,
  And very good it was in him.

How very proud was I, and bold,
To stand in safety off, and hold
(Behind some very handy tree
  To keep the sun out of my eyes)
His coat and hat, and gladly see
  That boy get polished in a trice!

Indeed, such was my modesty,
That I would much prefer that he
Should win the honor and renown
  Of every fight I had on hand
Than do't myself; the loss, I own,
  Was something that I well could stand.

And he, I'm very proud to note,
My most original essays wrote—
Did my hard sums in Algebra—
  Translated all my Latin dim,
And did my work while I would play.
  Oh, how I loved my brother Jim!

I used to let him saw the wood,
Just like a kindly brother should;
Permitted him to bear it in;
  Allowed him all the fires to make;
I'd let him keep the garden clean;
  I'd do most anything for his sake.

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I never growled because he did
The work to do which I was bid;
I shared with all I had to share—
Divided all my chores with him;
I helped him eat his oranges—
I was so good to brother Jim.

I used to let him take my place
In staying home of nights, and days
In which there was no school to bother;
I shared his joys and cakes with him—
There's nothing like a bigger brother,
If you had one like brother Jim!

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name—
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the Summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine!
Sure there was never a bird so fine,
Chee, chee, chee."

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Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
  Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passes at home a patient life,
  Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
    "Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
    Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here,
    Chee, chee, chee."

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
  One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
  Pouring boasts from his little throat,
    "Bob-o-link, bob-o-link.
    Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can,
    Chee, chee, chee."

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
  Flecked with purple, a pretty sight;
There, as the mother sits all day,
  Robert is singing with all his might,
    "Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
    Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about,
    Chee, chee, chee."

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
  Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
  Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
    "Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
    Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me,
    Chee, chee, chee."

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Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care
Off his holiday garment is laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie,
Chee, chee, chee."

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again,
Chee, chee, chee,"

THE AFTERNOON NAP.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

[*Tenderly and expressively.*]

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place;
And the tear stole down from his half shut eye:
"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes you cry."

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The house dog lay stretched on the floor,
  Where the shade afternoon used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
  Was turning the spinning wheel,
And the old brass clock on the mantel tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
  While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow, and the cheek so fair
  Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent low, on her soft hair lay;
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

[*With force and energy.*]

"Unto the pure all things are pure."

Life is what we make it. To some this may appear to be a very singular if not extravagant statement. You look upon this life and upon this world, and you derive from them, it may be, a very different impression. You see the earth, perhaps, only as a collection of blind, obdurate, inexorable elements and powers. You look upon the mountains that stand fast forever; you look upon the seas that roll upon every shore their ceaseless tides; you walk through the annual round of the seasons; all things seem to be fixed, summer and winter, seed time and harvest, growth and decay; and so they are.

But does not the mind spread its own hue over all these scenes? Does not the cheerful man make a cheerful world? Does not the sorrowing man make a gloomy world? Does not every mind make its own world? Does it not, as if indeed a portion of the Divinity were imparted to it, almost *create* the scene around it? Its power, in

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fact, scarcely falls short of the theories of those philosophers who have supposed that the world had no existence at all but in our own minds.

So again with regard to human life; it seems to many, probably, unconscious as they are of the mental and moral powers that control it, as if it were made up of fixed conditions, and of immense and impassable distinctions. But upon all conditions presses down one impartial law. To all situations, to all fortunes, high or low, the *mind* gives their character. They are in effect not what they are in themselves, but what they are to the feelings of their possessors.

The king upon his throne and amidst his court may be a mean, degraded, miserable man; a slave to ambition, to voluptuousness, to fear, to every low passion. The peasant in his cottage may be the real monarch—the moral master of his fate—the free and lofty being, more than a prince in happiness, more than a king in honor. And shall the mere names which these men bear blind us to the actual position which they occupy amidst God's creation? No; beneath the all powerful law of the heart, the master is often the slave, and the slave the master.

SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN.

JEAN INGELOW.

[*Speak as if imitating the child herein.*]

There's no dew left on the blossoms and clover;
  There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always—they know no better—
  They are only one times one.

Oh, moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
  And shining so round and low;
You were bright, oh, bright! but your light is failing,
  You are nothing now but a bow.

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You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

Oh, velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow;
You've powdered your legs with gold!
Oh, brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

Oh, columbine open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle doves dwell!
Oh, cuckoo-pint toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell,

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it—
I will not steal it away.
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

ANON.

[*With vigor.*]

Live for something, be not idle—
Look about thee for employ!
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may!

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief dispelling wiles.

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As the pleasant sunshine falleth
  Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
  Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary:
  Drop the tear of sympathy!
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
  Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning;
  From this perfect fountain head,
Freely, as thou freely givest,
  Shall the grateful light be shed.

LEARNING TO WALK.

GEORGE COOPER.

[*Recite in a tender way.*]

Only beginning the journey,
  Many a mile to go;
Little feet how they patter,
  Wandering to and fro.

Trying again so bravely,
  Laughing in baby glee;
Hiding its face in mother's lap
  Proud as a baby can be

Talking the oddest language
  Ever before was heard;
Yet mother—you'd hardly think so—
  Understands every word.

Tottering now and falling;
  Eyes that are going to cry;
Kisses and plenty of love words,
  Willing again to try.

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Father of all, oh, guide them—
  The pattering little feet—
While they are treading the uphill road,
  And braving the dust and the heat!

Aid them, when they grow weary,
  Keep them in pathways blest;
And when the journey is ended,
  Saviour, oh, give them rest!

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

[*To be spoken in a lively and forcible way.*]

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house
Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering sight should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,

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And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!"
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry:
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf:
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down off a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

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THE FROST.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

[*In a lively descriptive style.*]

The frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "now I shall be out of sight;
So thro' the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blust'ring train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That makes such a bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the morning light were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities, and temples, and towers; and these
All pictured in silvery sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," says he;
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall '*chick*' to tell them I'm drinking."

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NOW.

ANON.

[*Vigorously.*]

If I were to give you a motto to go through life with—one that would stand you for a warning and counsel in any strait in which you might find yourselves, I would give it in this one word "NOW."

Don't waste your time, and your strength, and your opportunities. by always meaning to do something—DO IT! Only weakness comes of indecision. Why, some people have so accustomed themselves to this way of dawdling along from one thing to another, that it really seems impossible for them to squarely make up their minds to anything. They never quite know what they mean to do next; their only pleasure seems to consist in putting things off as long as possible, and then dragging slowly through them, rather than begin anything else.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely and cleanly, and then do the next thing without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it's as if hey picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressing that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest fall into file and follow after like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished when brought into line. You may have seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he accomplished so much in life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do to go and *do it.*" There is the secret—the magic word "NOW!"

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

ANON.

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all thro' the house
Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse.
Those stockings so lately St. Nicholas' care
Were emptied of all that was eatable there.

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The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds,
With very full stomachs and pains in their heads
I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,
When out in the nursery rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep, crying, "What is the matter?"
I flew to each bedside, still half in a doze,
Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes;
While the light of the taper served clearly to show
The piteous plight of those objects below.
For, what to the fond father's eyes should appear
But the pale little face of each sick little dear;
For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick,
I knew in a moment, now felt like old Nick!
Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same;
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name—
Now turkey, now stuffing, plum pudding, of course,
And custards, and crullers, and cranberry sauce;
Before outraged Nature all went to the wall,
Yes—lollypops, flapdoodle, dinner and all.
Like pellets, which urchins from pop-guns let fly,
Went figs, nuts and raisins, jam, jelly and pie,
Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of mamma and of Santa Claus, too.
I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stept back,
And brought out a vial marked *Pulv. Ipecac.*
When my Nancy exclaimed, for their sufferings shocked her,
"Don't you think you had better, love, run for the Doctor?"
I ran—and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof.
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,
When the doctor came into the room with a bound.
He was covered with mud from his head to his foot,
And the suit he had on was his very worst suit.
He had hardly had time to put that on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with sack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the doctor got merry?
His cheeks looked like port and his breath smelt of sherry.

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He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow.
But, inspecting their tongues, in despite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,
He felt of each pulse, saying, "each little belly
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly."
I gazed on each plump, chubby, sick little elf,
And groaned when he said so, in spite of myself.
But a wink of his eye, when he physicked our Fred,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He didn't prescribe, but went straight to his work,
And dosed all the rest—gave his trousers a jerk,
And adding directions, while blowing his nose;
He buttoned his coat, from his chair he arose,
Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jalap a whistle,
And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle.
But the doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of sight,
"They'll be well by to-morrow—good night, Jones, good night!"

FARM YARD SONG.

J. F. TROWBRIDGE.

[*Recite in a descriptive vein, imitating the call at the end of each stanza.*]

Over the hill the farm boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling.
Into the stone heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
And over the hill the farm boy goes,
Cheerily calling—

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"Co, boss! co, boss! co! co! co!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still;
"Co, boss! co, boss, co! co!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow
The cooling dews are falling;
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling—
"Co, boss! co, boss! co! co!"
While still the cow boy far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
"Co, boss! co, boss! co! co! co!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
The cattle come crowding thro' the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough by the farm yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye!
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling—
"So, boss! so, boss! so so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool—
"Saying so, so! boss! so! so!"

To supper, at last, the farmer goes;
The apples are pared, the papers read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.

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Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long·
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm boy goes
Singing, calling—
"Co, boss! co, boss! co! co! co!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "so, boss! so!"

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

MRS. GILMAN.

[*In a lively vein.*]

Will Wag went to see Charley Quirk—
More famed for his books than his knowledge—
In order to borrow a work
He had sought for in vain over college.

But Charley replied, "My dear friend,
You must know I have sworn and agreed
My books from my room not to lend,
But you may sit by my fire and read."

Now it happened by chance on the morrow,
That Quirk, with a cold quivering air,
Came, his neighbor Will's bellows to borrow,
For his own was quite out of repair.

But Willie replied, "My dear friend,
I have sworn and agreed, you must know,
That my bellows I never will lend,
But you may sit by my fire and blow!"

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A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

ANON.

[*In a solemn manner.*]

Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church, with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth;
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come!
No living soul for us shall weep
A hundred years to come.
But other men our lands shall till,
And others, then, these streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sun shine as to-day
A hundred years to come.

A SMILE.

ANON.

[*With tenderness.*]

How trifling, how simple a thing is a smile. How slight an exertion does it cost, yet how magical often are its results! How frequently does it dispel the clouds of gloom from the brow of care, lighting up with its warmth and genial radiance, like sunshine on the distant hills, the countenances of the sullen and the depressed.

Oftentimes, too, even the forbidden visage of melancholy and despair catches up and reflects back the gentle, hallowed light. Oh!

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how many a weary heart has been made happy by a smile; how many a heavy load has seemed lighter from its heavenly influence. Friends, withhold not these little courtesies of life; be not penurious of your smiles and kind words; you dream not what a world of good, all unknown to you, they may accomplish. Scatter with a prodigal hand, and many a one travelling along life's dusty way will bless you in his or her heart of hearts!

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

JOHN KEBLE.

[*Simply and lovingly.*]

All things bright and beautiful,
  All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
  The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
  Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
  He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
  The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
  That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
  The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
  He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
  And lips, that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
  That hath made all things well.

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SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

FROM THE GERMAN.

[*Speak in a tender, soft tone of voice.*]

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down comes a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

[*Forcibly, but with tenderness in the last stanzas.*]

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep—
It was midnight on the waters
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder "Cut away the mast!"

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So we shuddered there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death.

As there we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand;
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

TRUE FAME.

JAY.

How many there are who thirst for military glory; and what sacrifices would they not make to obtain it! We have long been spectators of the great tragedy which has been actedon the theatre of Europe, and our imaginations have become inflamed. We have beheld mighty hosts encountering each other, desperate battles fought and victories won. We think of the triumphant march, the blood stained banner, the captured artillery, and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," till many of us would willingly face danger and death itself, to acquire a renown equal to that of some favorite hero.

Yet the laurel of the conqueror grows only in a soil which is moistened with blood. It is stained with the tears of the widow, and it thrives in the midst of desolation. Nor is it durable. Amid

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all the annals of destruction, how few are the names which we remember and pronounce!

But is there glory which is pure and enduring, and which deserves to be sought? Yes, the love of fame is a noble passion, given us not to be extinguished, but to be used aright. There is a glory which a wise man will covet, which a good man will aspire to, which will follow him from this world to the next; and there, in the presence of an assembled universe of angels, and of just men made perfect, place a crown upon his brow that fadeth not away.

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

[*Tenderly and with feeling.*]

'Twas whispered, one morning, in Heaven
  How the little child-angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
  Sat sorrowing night and day.
How she said to the stately warden—
  He of the key and bar—
"O angel, sweet angel, I pray you,
  Set the beautiful gates ajar—
Only a little, I pray you—
  Set the beautiful gates ajar!

"I can hear my mother weeping;
  She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness,
  Where the gates shut after me.
Oh, turn the key, sweet angel,
  The splendor will shine so far!'
But the warden answered, "I dare not
  Set the beautiful gates ajar"—
Spoke low, and answered, "I dare not
  Set the beautiful gates ajar!"

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Then rose up Mary, the blessed,
  Sweet Mary, mother of Christ;
Her hand on the head of the angel
  She laid, and her touch sufficed;
Turned was the key in the portal,
  Fell, ringing, the golden bar,
And lo! in the little child's fingers
  Stood the beautiful gates ajar!
In the little child-angel's fingers
  Stood the beautiful gates ajar!

"And this key, for further using,
  To my blessed Son shall be given,"
Said Mary, mother of Jesus,
  Tenderest heart in Heaven.
Now, never a sad-eyed mother
  But may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
  Are the keys of the gates ajar,
Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom
  And the gates forever ajar!

PARSON CALDWELL.

[*With vigor and distinctness.*]

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall—
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball,
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
Nothing more, did I say? Stay one moment; you've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the word
Down at Springfield? What, no? Come—that's bad; why he had
All the Jerseys aflame! And they gave him the name
Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God and he hated King George!

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He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians, that day,
Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way
At the "Farms" where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot! Enough! there she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away.
Did he preach—did he pray? think of him as you stand
By the old church to-day; think of him and that band
Of militant ploughboys! see the smoke and the heat
Of that reckless advance—of that straggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view—
What could you, what should you, what would you do?
Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load
At their feet! Then, above all the shouting and shots,
Rung his voice—"Put Watts into 'em—boys—give 'em Watts!"
And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball—
But not always a hero like this—and that's all.

RESOLUTION.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

[*Give the two pieces following in a forcible manner.*]

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

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If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world hoot and shout,
Doubt it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night or day,
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold
Next your heart, lest it get cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear
Whispered down to every ear,
Hear it!

LIVE FOR GOOD.

REV J. J. CASE.

Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them as instruments of

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their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, oh, man immortal? Live for something! Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

THE BALLAD OF BABY BELL.

ADAPTED FROM T. B. ALDRICH.

[*To be recited in a tender, sympathetic manner.*]

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even—
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to Heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet;
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

* * * * *

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It came upon us by degrees,
  We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
  His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
  And all our hopes were changed to fears,
  And all our thoughts ran into tears,
Like sunshine into rain.
  We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
  And perfect grow thro' grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
  Her heart was folded deep in ours!
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell.
At last he came—the messenger—
  The messenger from unseen lands;
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
  She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
  We wove the roses round her brow—
  White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrapped her from head to foot in flowers!
  And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

J. G. SAXE.

[*In a descriptive vein.*]

Come, listen awhile to me, my lads,
  Come listen to me a spell!
    Let that terrible drum
    For a moment be dumb,
  For your uncle is going to tell
      What befel
  A youth that loved liquor too well.

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A clever young man was he, my lads,
And with beauty uncommonly blest
Ere with brandy and wine
He began to decline,
And behaved like a person possessed
I protest
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to the tavern, my lads.
He went to the tavern one night!
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy, and such,
The chap got exceedingly "tight,"
And was quite
What your aunts would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lads—
'Tis a horrible slumber he takes;
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer;
My eyes, how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes,
And raves about great horrid snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and to me, my lads—
A particular caution to all,
Tho' no one can see
The viper but he—
To hear the poor lunatic howl
How they crawl
All over the floor and the wall!

The next morning he took to his bed, my lads,
Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up
To dine or to sup,
Tho' properly physicked and bled!
And I read,
Next day, the poor fellow was dead!

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You have heard of the snake in the grass, my lads,
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now you must know
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class!
Alas!
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass!

POP.

[*With humor and vivacity.*]

And there they sat, a popping corn,
John Styles and Susan Cutter—
John Styles as fat as any ox,
And Susan as fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of care,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper
Till both their faces grew as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking,
While he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

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The clock struck nine—the clock struck ten,
  And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,
  And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
  The corn did pop and patter—
Till John cried out, "The corn's a-fire!
  Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Styles, it's one o'clock;
  You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
  Why don't you pop the question?"

DISCONTENT.

GEORGE COOPER.

[*Speak in a spirited way.*]

A dozen tadpoles wriggled out
To view the prospect round about,
And see the older frogs, no doubt—
  Ambitious little tadpoles.

They roamed among the rushes green,
They saw the lilies o'er them lean;
Their hearts were gladdened by the scene—
  Admiring little tadpoles.

A greater wonder was to come:
They heard an old frog say "Jug—rum!"
Such eloquence! It [illegible]k them dumb—
  These silly little ta[illegible].

"Oh, could we only speak like that!
And sit upon a stone so flat!"
Their yearning hearts beat pit-a-pat—
  They sighed that they were tadpoles.

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"It's oh, to wear a coat so fine,
And with these older frogs to shine!
I wish their happy lot were mine,"
Said every little tadpole.

Then back again, with frowns and sighs,
And doubtless, very watery eyes,
Each to his native mud-bank hies—
A dozen humbled tadpoles.

They could not know the lot of frogs
Who sun themselves on lazy logs,
Fated to utter their "ker-chogs"—
These unsuspecting tadpoles.

They did not know that sticks and stones
Were hurled at frogs, to crack their bones,
Or much less sad had been the tones
Of all these little tadpoles.

But let me cut this tale off here,
As time cut theirs. The day drew near,
And full grown frogs they all appear,
No longer little tadpoles.

And are they happy? Ah! they sigh
That profitless their youth went by;
When tadpoles ask them, they reply—
"We wish now we were tadpoles!"

COMPOUND INTEREST.

MRS. M. Y. VICTOR.

[*Naturally and simply.*]

Ben Ahdam had a golden coin one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew;
Year after year, awaiting him, it lay
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,

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And these two, four—so on, till people said,
"How rich Ben Ahdam is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,
Which to a stranger, asking alms, he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.
Ben Selim died too poor to own a grave,
But when his soul reached heaven, angels, with pride,
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

ADAPTED FROM J. G. WHITTIER.

[*Deliver in a simple, descriptive style.*]

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Thro' thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
Prince thou art, the grown up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

* * * *

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
Tho' the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new mown sward,

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Every morn shall lead thee thro'
Fresh baptisms of the dew!
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat!
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's, for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou could'st know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF, YOUNG MAN.

ANON.

Be true to yourself at the start, young man,
Be true to yourself and God;
Ere you build your house mark well the spot,
Test well the ground, and build you not
On the sand or the sinking sod.

Dig, dig the foundation deep, young man,
Plant firmly the outer wall;
Let the props be strong and the roof be high,
Like an open turret toward the sky,
Through which heavenly dews may fall.

Let this be the room of the soul, young man—
When shadows shall herald care—
A chamber with never a roof or thatch
To hinder the light, or door, or latch
To shut in the spirit's prayer.

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Build slow and sure, 'tis for life, young man,
A life that outlives the breath,
For who shall gainsay the Holy Word?
"Their works do follow them," said the Lord;
"Therein there is no death."

Build deep, and high, and broad, young man,
As the needful case demands;
Let your title-deeds be clear and bright
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light
For the House not made with hands.

THE PRECIOUS FREIGHT.

EDWARD EVERETT.

[*Give with force and spirit.*]

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route, and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves.

The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps as if it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggering vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth—weak and weary from the voyage—poorly armed, scantly provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on

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board, drinking nothing but water on shore—without shelter, without means—surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast?

Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some or all of these united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

THE BRICKLAYERS.

G. H. BARNES.

[*Speak these lines with energy and vim.*]

"Ho, to the top of the towering wall!"
'Tis the master mason's rallying call
To the scaffolding boys. Now merrily climb;
'Tis seven o'clock by the town bell's chime!
Bring to your work good muscle and brawn,
And a keen, quick eye where the line is drawn—

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Out with your saw-tempered blades of steel!
Smoother than glass from point to heel;
Now, steady and clear, from turret and port,
Ring out your challenge: "*Mort—oh, mort!*"
Clink! clink! trowel and brick!
Music with labor and art combine;
Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
But lay to the line, boys; lay to the line

Cheery as crickets all the day long,
Lightening labor with laugh and song;
Busy as bees upon angles and pier,
Piling the red blocks tier upon tier;
Climbing and climbing still nearer the sun;
Prouder than kings of the work they have done!
Upward and upward the bricklayers go,
Till men are but children and pigmies below;
While the master's order falls ringing and short,
To the staggering carrier, "*Mort—oh, mort!*"
Clink! clink! trowel and brick!
Music with labor and art combine;
Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
But lay to the line, boys; lay to the line!

Who are the peers of the best in the land—
Worthy 'neath arches of honor to stand?
They of the brick-reddened, mortar-stained palms,
With shoulders of giants and sinewy arms—
Builders of cities and builders of homes—
Propping the sky up with spires and domes;
Writing thereon, with their trowel and lime,
Legends of toil for the eyes of Time!
So that the ages may read, as they run,
ll that their magical might has done!
So clink! clink! trowel and brick!
Work by the master's word and sign
Brick upon brick, lay them them up quick!
But lay to the line, boys; lay to the line!"

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THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

W. W. FOSDICK.

Let sailors sing the windy deep;
  Let soldiers praise their armor;
But in my heart this toast I'll keep—
  "The Independent Farmer."
When first the rose, in robe of green,
  Unfolds its crimson lining,
And round his cottage porch is seen
  The honeysuckle twining;
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield
  To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field
  Where skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird clucks behind his plough,
  The quail pipes loud and clearly:
Yon orchard hides behind its bough
  The home he loves so dearly;
The gray old barn, whose doors enfold
  His ample store in measure,
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
  A precious, blessed treasure;
But yonder in the porch there stands
  His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all his lands—
  The Independent Farmer.

To him the spring comes dancing gay,
  To him the summer blushes;
The autumn smiles with mellow ray;
  His sleep old winter hushes.
He cares not how the world may move,
  No doubt or fears confound him;
His little flock are link'd in love,
  And household angels round him;

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He trusts in God and loves his wife,
Nor grief nor ill may harm her;
He's nature's nobleman in life—
The Independent Farmer.

TO LABOR IS TO PRAY.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

[*Boldly and spiritedly.*]

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us,
Hark, how Creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune!

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Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all pretty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings, that ever entreat us,
  Rest from world-sirens, that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
  Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
  True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides!
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
  Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
  Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor—all labor is noble and holy;
  Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

J. G. SAXE.

[*Tenderly and expressively.*]

Beneath the hill you may see the mill
  Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
  But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone!

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Year after year, early and late,
  Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and caulked the gate,
  And mill and miller grew old together.

"Little Jerry!" 'twas all the same—
  They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name
  Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye,"
  And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat;"
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry
  From matron bold and maiden sweet.

'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
  And thus the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
  And he was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack
  Jerry made up in being strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back
  As thick as the miller and quite as long.

Always busy, and always merry,
  Always doing his very best—
A notable wag was Little Jerry,
  Who uttered well his standing jest.

"When will you grind my corn, I say?"
  "Nay," quoth Jerry, "you needn't scold;
Just leave your grist for half a day,
  And never fear but you'll be tolled."

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
  But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the rumor came—
  "The brook and Jerry are very low."

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And then 'twas whispered, mournfully,
The leech had come and he was dead,
And all the neighbors flocked to see:
"Poor Little Jerry!" was all they said.

They laid him in his earthly bed—
His miller's coat his only shroud—
"Dust to dust," the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone!

BETTER THAN GOLD.

ANON.

[*Deliver the following in a manly strain.*]

Better than grandeur, better than gold—
Than rank and title a thousand fold—
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures, that always please;
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joy with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere—
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untired by lust and care of wealth;

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Sweet contentment with his lot
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals, or nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore:
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away,
The world's great drama will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come;
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, sister or wife;
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT, THEN GO AHEAD.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

We must stay exactly in our place—not an inch above, not an inch below. But how shall I tell if I stand in my exact appointment, not a particle above, not a particle beneath? This is the test: If you can perform your duty easily, without being cramped or exhausted, that is the right place. That man is in a horrible condition who is ever making prodigious efforts to do a little more than he can do. It is just as easy for a star to swing in its orbit as for a mote to float in the sunbeam. Nature never sweats. The great law of gravitation holds the universe on its back as easily as a miller swings over his shoulder a bag of Genesee wheat. The winds never run themselves out of breath. The rivers do not weary in their course.

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The Mississippi and the Amazon are no more tired than the meadow brook. Himalaya is not dizzy.

Poets talk about the waters of our great cataract being in agony, but I think they like it, How they frolic and clap their hands miles above, as they come skipping on toward the great summersault, singing, "Over we go, over we go!" When the universe goes at such tremendous speed, and the least impediment might break one of the great wheels, is it not a wonder that we do not sometimes hear a prodigious crash, or thunders bang loud enough to make the world's knees knock together? Yet a million worlds in their flight do not make as much noise as a honey bee coquetting among the clover tops. Everything in nature is just as easy. Now, if the position you occupy requires unnatural exertion, your only way out is either to take a step higher up, or take a step further down. Providence does not demand that you should break your back, or put your arm out of joint, or sprain your ankle. If you can only find out just what you are to do, you can do it perfectly easy.

Young man, be sure you begin right. It is dangerous work, this changing an occupation or profession. Not once in a thousand times is it done successfully. The sea of life is so rough that you cannot cross over from one vessel to another except at great peril of falling between. Thousands of men have fallen down to nothing between the mason's trowel and the carpenter's saw; between the lawyer's briefs and the author's pen; between the medicine chest and the pulpit. It is no easy matter to switch off on another track this thundering express train of life. It takes about ten years to get fairly started in any business or profession, and I tell you we have not got many decades to waste in experiment.

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.

[*Boldly and with vigor.*]

Burg Niedeck is a mountain in Alsace, high and strong,
Where once a noble castle stood—the Giants held it long;
Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,
And if you seek for Giants there, they all are dead and gone.

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The Giant's daughter once came forth the castle gate before
And played, with all a child's delight, beside her father's door;
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl did gladly go,
To see, perchance, how matters stood in the little world below.

With few and easy steps she passed the mountain and the wood;
At length, near Haslach, at the place where mankind dwelt, she stood;
And many a town and village fair, and many a field so green,
Before her wandering eyes appeared—a strange and curious scene;

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scene around,
She saw a Peasant at her feet, a tilling of the ground,
The little creature crawled about so slowly here and there,
And, lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone bright and fair.

"Oh, pretty plaything!" cried the child, "I'll take thee home with me."
Then with her infant hands she spread her 'kerchief on her knee,
And cradling horse, and man, and plough, all gently on her arm,
She bore them home with cautious steps, afraid to do them harm!

She hastes with joyous steps and quick (we know what children are),
And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar,
"O father, dearest father, such a plaything I have found,
I never saw so fair a one on our own mountain ground!"

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine, so mild,
And, smiling with a parent's smile, he asked the happy child
"What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully to me?
Thou leapest for very joy my girl; come, open, let me see."

She opens her 'kerchief carefully, and gladly, you may deem,
And shows her eager sire the plough, the peasant and his team;
And when she placed before his sight the new found pretty toy,
She clasped her hands, and screamed aloud, and cried for very joy.

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But her father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,
"What hast thou brought me home, my child? this is no toy," he said;
"Go take it quickly back again, and put it down below;
The Peasant is no plaything, girl—how could'st thou think him so?

Go, go, without or sigh or sob, and do my will," he said,
"For know, without the Peasant, girl, we none of us had bread;
'Tis from the Peasant's hardy stock the race of Giants are:
The Peasant is no plaything, child—no—God forbid he were."

EARLY RISING.

JOHN G. SAXE.

[*Give this in a pithy, humorous vein.*]

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed!"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about the rise—and fall,
And whether larks have any bed at all!

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The "time for honest folks to be in bed"
  Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
  Upon his pillow till 'tis fairly light,
And so enjoys his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
  It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
But then he said it lying in his bed
  At 10 o'clock A. M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
  Awake to duty and awake to truth—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
  Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we pass'd in childhood, or—asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
  For the soft visions of the gentle night,
And free at last from mortal care or guile,
  To live as only in the angels' sight—
In sleep's sweet realms so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So, let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
  I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackney'd phrase
  Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried: "Served him right! it's not at all surprising
The worm was punish'd, sir, for early rising!"

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

ANON.

[*Boldly and with energy.*]

The true gentleman is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another.

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He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing at a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He invades no privacy of others, however sound the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notice to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he has rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly. He cannot descend to scurrility. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practices towards every man.

MUSIC OF LABOR.

ANON.

[*To be given in a stirring manner.*]

The banging of the hammer,
  The whirling of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
  The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
  The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning lathe,
  The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
  The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
  The fan's continual boom,

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The clipping of the tailor's shears
  The driving of the awl—
These sounds of industry
  I love—I love them all.

The clinking of the magic type,
  The earnest talk of men,
The toiling of the giant press,
  The scratching of the pen,
The tapping of the yard stick,
  The tinkling of the scales,
The whistling of the needle
  (When no bright cheek it pales),
The humming of the cooking stove,
  The surging of the broom,
The pattering feet of childhood,
  The housewife's busy hum,
The buzzing of the scholars,
  The teacher's kindly call—
These sounds of active industry
  I love—I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
  The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft repeated shout,
  Spurring his stock along,
The bustling of the market man
  As he hies him to the town,
The hallo from the tree top
  As the ripened fruit comes down,
The busy sound of threshers
  As they clean the ripened grain,
The husker's joke and catch of glee
  'Neath the moonlight on the plain,
The kind voice of the dairyman,
  The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of pleasant industry
  I love—I love them all.

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BENNY.

ANON.

[*Simply and tenderly.*]

I had told him, Christmas morning,
  As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
  Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive, listening to me
  With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
  Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder?"
  And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
  In his crimson stockings hid,
While I turned me to my table,
  Where the tempting goblet stood,
With a dainty drink brimmed over,
  Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
  With his white paw, nothing loath,
Sat, by way of entertainment
  Slapping off the shining froth;
And, in not the gentlest humor
  At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
  Thrust poor pussy in the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
  Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
  In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look, that shamed me,
  Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant
  All a baby's sense of right.

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"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You shall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight.
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated look, alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go higher and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Kaus, come down the chimney—
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor pussy,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gamboled 'neath the live oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim fire-lighted chamber
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
"God bess fader, God bess moder,
God bess sister"—then a pause—
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bess Santa Kaus!"

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows,
On his plump and peachy cheek.

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And I bend above him, weeping
  Thankful tears, O, Undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory—
  For the blessing of a child.

BY AND BY.

ANON.

[*Speak this in an off-hand, descriptive way.*]

There's a little mischief maker
  That is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dreamland
  That are never seen in this,
Dashing from our lips the pleasures
  Of the present, while we sigh;
You may know this mischief maker
  By the name of By and By.

He is sitting by our hearthstones,
  With his sly bewitching glance,
Whispering of the coming morrow
  As the social hours advance.
Loitering 'mid our calm reflections,
  Hiding forms of beauty nigh;
He's a smooth deceitful fellow,
  This enchanter, By and By.

You may know him by his winning,
  By his careless, sprightly air;
By his sly obtrusive presence,
  That is straying everywhere—
By the trophies that he gathers
  Where his sombre victories lie—
For a bold, determined fellow
  Is this conqueror, By and By.

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When the calls of duty haunt us,
And the present seems to be
All the time that ever mortals
Snatch from dark eternity,
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a distant sky;
Oh, a cunning little creature—
Trust him not, this By and By!

A CHRISTMAS CHANT.

ALFRED DOMOTT.

[*To be recited in a solemn manner.*]

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturb'd their ancient reign
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What reck'd the Roman what befell
A paltry province, far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

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Within that province, far away,
  Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
  Fallen through a half shut stable door,
Across his path. He paused, for naught
  Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought;
  The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
  Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why;
  The world was listening—unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
  One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
  Man's doom was link'd no more to sever,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago!

It is the calm and silent night!
  A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
  The darkness, charmed and holy now.
The night that erst no shame had worn
  To it a happy name is given,
For in that stable lay, new born,
  The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago!

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

[*In a lofty and heroic style speak this.*]

O, thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers, whence are thy beams, O sun? thy everlasting light? Thou comest

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forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave, but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course?

The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in the heavens; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth. age is dark and unlovely: it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills, the blast of the north is on the plains, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

[*Deliver in a bold, energetic way.*]

Blessings on the hand of woman!
  Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel—
  Oh, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it,
  Rainbows ever round it curled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
  Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
  Power may with beauty flow;
Mother's first to guide the streamlets;
  From them souls unresting grow—

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Grow on for the good or evil,
  Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
  Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
  Here upon our natal sod!
Keep, oh keep the young heart open
  Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
  Are from mother-love impearled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
  Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
  Fathers, sons and daughters cry;
And the sacred song is mingled
  With the worship in the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
  Rainbows evermore are hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
  Is the hand that rocks the world.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

WM. PITT PALMER.

[*Imitate the lisping and simpering manner of the youth herein.*]

A district school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three score mingled girls and boys,
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy book,
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!

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As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries,
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe —
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered. "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot;
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo,
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

I CAN'T.

FANNY FERN.

[*To be given in a lively style.*]

Apollo—what a face! Doleful as a hearse; folded hands, hollow chest, whining voice—the very picture of cowardly irresolution.

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Spring to your feet, hold up your head, set your teeth together, draw that fine form of yours up to the height that God made it; draw an immense long breath, and look about you. What do you see? Why, all creation taking care of number one—pushing ahead, like the car of Juggernaut, over live victims. There it is and you can't help it. Are you going to lie down and be crushed?

By all that is manly, no! Dash ahead. You have as good a right to mount the triumphal car as your neighbor. Snap your fingers at croakers. If you can't get around a stump leap over it high and dry. Have nerves of steel, a will of iron. Never mind side-aches, or heartaches, or headaches—dig away, without stopping to breathe, or to notice envy or malice.

Set your target in the clouds and aim at it. If your arrow falls short of its mark what of that? Pick it up and go at it again. If you should never reach it you will shoot higher than if you only aimed at a bush. Don't whine if your friends fall off. At the first stroke of good luck by Mammon they will swarm around you like a hive of bees, till you are disgusted with human nature.

"I can't!" Oh, pshaw! *I* have more courage than that. You are a disgrace to corduroys. What! a man lack courage? A man want independence? A man to be discouraged at obstacles? A man afraid to face anything on earth save his Maker? Why, I have the most unmitigated contempt for you, you pusillanimous pussy cat! There is nothing manly about you except your whiskers.

THE BUGLE.

TENNYSON.

[*Give in a descriptive manner, the voice falling at the end of each stanza.*]

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits, old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow—set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

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Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing.
Blow—let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love! they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on field, on hill and river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow—set the wild echoes flying,
And answer echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

THE TRUE SAVIOURS.

JOHN SERGEANT.

[*Deliver in a manly and heroic manner.*]

It has been maintained that the genius which constitutes a great military man is of a very high quality, and may be equally useful in the cabinet and in the field; that it has a sort of universality equally applicable to all affairs. We have seen, undoubtedly, instances of a rare and wonderful combination of civil and military qualifications, both of the highest order. That the greatest civil qualifications may be found united with the highest military talents is what no one will deny who thinks of Washington. But that such a combination is rare and extraordinary the fame of Washington sufficiently attests. If it were common why was *he* so illustrious?

I would ask, what did Cromwell, with all his military genius, do for England? He overthrew the monarchy, and he established dictatorial power in his own person. And what happened next? Another soldier overthrew the dictatorship and restored the monarchy. The sword effected both. Cromwell made one revolution and Monk another. And what did the people of England gain by it? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! The rights and liberties of Englishmen, as they now exist, were settled and established at the

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Revolution in 1688. Now mark the difference! By whom was the Revolution begun and conducted? Was it by soldiers? by military genius? by the sword? No! It was the work of statesmen and of eminent lawyers—men never distinguished for military exploits. The faculty—the dormant faculty—may have existed. That is what no one can affirm or deny. But it would have been thought an absurd and extravagant thing to propose, in reliance upon this possible dormant faculty, that one of those eminent statesmen and lawyers should be sent, instead of the Duke of Marlborough, to command the English forces on the Continent.

Who achieved the freedom and the independence of this our own country? Washington effected much in the field; but where were the Franklins, the Adamses, the Hancocks, the Jeffersons and the Lees—the band of sages and patriots whose memory we revere? They were assembled in council. The *heart* of the Revolution beat in the halls of Congress. *There* was the power which, beginning with appeals to the king and to the British nation, at length made an irresistible appeal to the world, and consummated the Revolution by the Declaration of Independence, which Washington established with their authority, and, bearing their commission, supported by arms. And what has this band of patriots, of sages, and of statesmen, given to us? Not what Cæsar gave to Rome; not what Cromwell gave to England, or Napoleon to France; they established for us the great principles of civil, political and religious liberty upon the strong foundations on which they have hitherto stood. There may have been military capacity in Congress; but can any one deny that it is to the wisdom of sages—Washington being one—we are indebted for the signal blessings we enjoy?

BABY'S CLOTHES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

[*Tenderly*]

Softest linen and snowiest lawn,
With fairy fluting of lace;
Broidery fine as the penciled fern
By finger of frost king traced.

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Singing, she sews the tiniest seam,
  While the garments grow apace.
Ah, the sweetest work a mother knows
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

Her thoughts reach out across the years,
  Losing herself in a dream;
A hope is set with the stitches fine
  Of every delicate seam.
An airy castle with turrets high
  Stands in a golden gleam.
Ah, the dearest work a mother knows
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

"Garments fit for a king!" she saith;
  "My baby shall be a king!
Wise men will listen unto his words,
  And the children offerings bring.
He shall be manly, true and brave;
  His deeds will the poets sing."
Ah, the proudest work a mother knows
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

Folding away the garments white,
  The baby needs no more care—
A toy, a tiny pair of shoes,
  And a lock of sunny hair.
Yellow with age each fragrant fold
  Shall precious mem'ries bear.
Ah, the saddest work a mother knows
Is folding away the baby's clothes.

Those were worn by that stalwart man,
  It seems only yesterday;
But *these* once held the little form
  Of the baby "passed away."
Now in sunshine and now in storm
  Life's river flows on for aye,
But the tenderest thought a mother knows
Is folded away with the baby's clothes.

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THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

SARAH ROBERTS.

[*Give in a simple, natural manner.*]

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook—
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low, sweet humming,
For in the starry night
And the glad morning light
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In pleasant summer hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

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Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy Spring I'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

THE FOUNTAIN.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[*With expression.*]

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night.

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest.

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Full of a nature
  Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment—
  Ever the same.

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element.

Glorious fountain,
  Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
  Upward, like thee!

TWILIGHT.

LONGFELLOW.

[*Tenderly.*]

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
  The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea birds
  Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
  There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
  Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window
  As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness
  To see some form arise,

And a woman's waving shadow
  Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling
  Now bowing and bending low.

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